

LAUGH, TOWN, LAUGH!
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER

AUG. 19,
1933

Liberty 5¢

AM I
JEALOUS
of
BABE RUTH?
by
LOU GEHRIG

Jones Academy
gentle horses
for beginners



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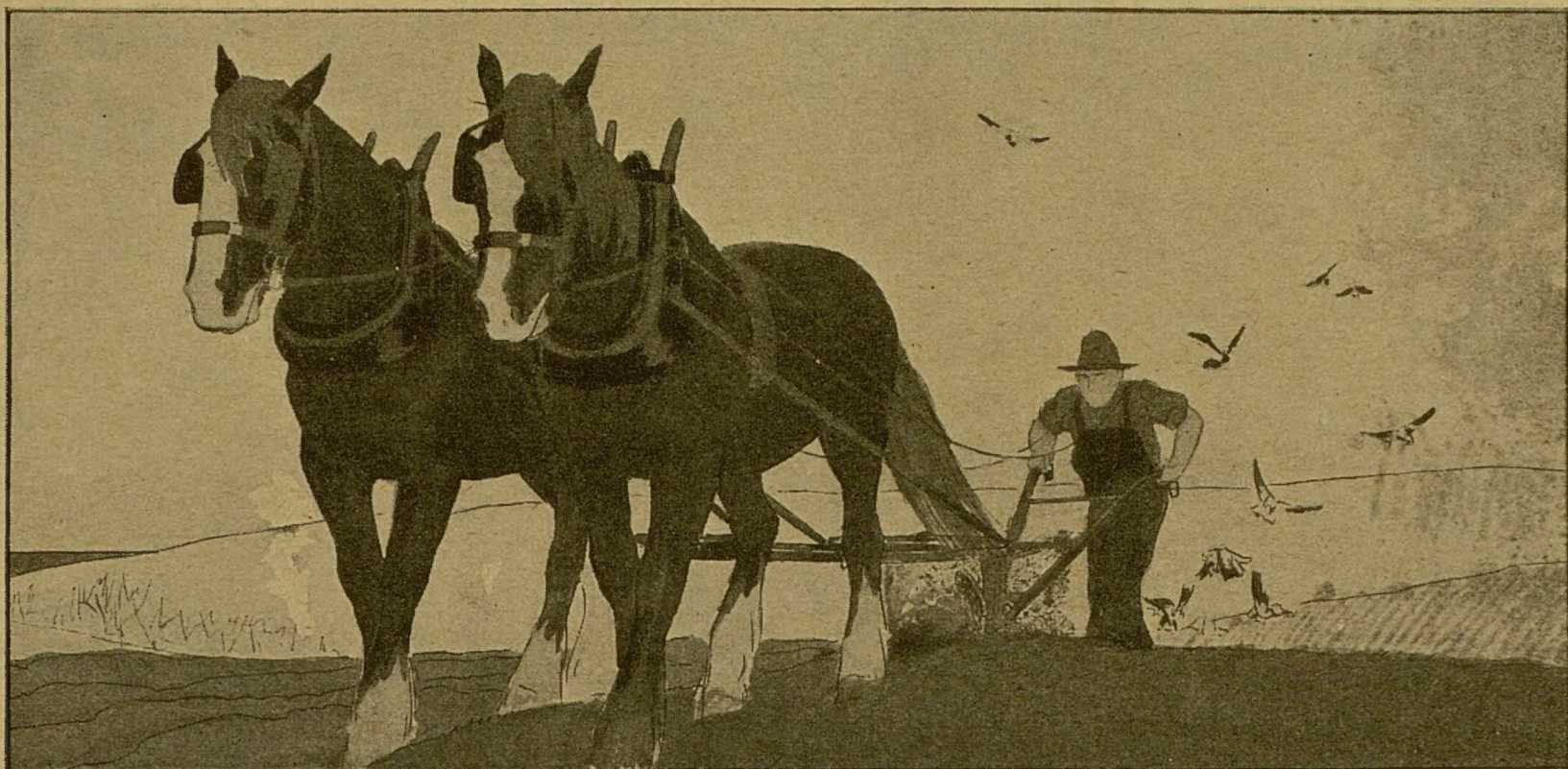
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BACK TO THE FARM—NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY—OR REVOLUTION?

THERE is no need to deceive ourselves. The figures are convincing—there is no room for argument.

This government cannot continue to feed the millions of people now on the charity list without going into bankruptcy nationally and locally.

The facts from which this conclusion is deduced are as clear as the noonday sun. And if we have bankruptcy and stop feeding the hungry horde, then revolution and chaos stare us in the face with equal certainty.

Millions of people won't go hungry and be bound down by legal restriction. If something is not done they will hunt for food in bands—hordes—mobs. And woe to those who may bring about this condition through sheer blind stupidity.

The National Industrial Recovery Act proposes to spend three billion three hundred million dollars for public improvements, and a little measly twenty-five million—less than one per cent of the lot—has been set aside to send people back to the farm.

What do we intend to do with the workers after the public improvements have been installed—the money spent?

Can the government set aside additional billions to give them employment?

A process of that kind cannot go on indefinitely.

Now, if this huge sum, or a larger part of it, were spent in sending the unemployed back to the land, they would be permanently stabilized; they would be sure of wholesome, vital food and a place to sleep. They would be definitely settled in a home. They would not be traveling in mobs.

Furthermore, the activity necessary to make a living on the land tends to make people healthy, normal, and happy.

Their material needs are greatly simplified. They require but little clothing.

We will have to credit the New Deal with performing miracles up to date. Perhaps we should be thankful for the twenty-five million. Maybe a demonstration can be made with this which will be so effective as to divert more millions to this constructive plan.

But if we drift along blindly, heedless of menacing conditions, we may ultimately have to accept our fate. There can be no alternative.

Neither industry nor public improvements can possibly absorb all the unemployed. But they can be put to work on the land to earn their own food.

How long will we continue to ignore this one and only effective remedy for our present deplorable situation?

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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BEGINNING:

Laugh,

The PRIVATE LIFE OF

(Reading time:
25 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART ONE—"WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER?"

ELLEN ROON was the daughter of James Roon, who ran what was probably the most pious barroom in history. He was a most religious man. He forbade card games on his premises. He censored the language used by his patrons. And his views on the relations between the sexes were so unyielding that four of his five daughters went down to presumably virgin graves.

Ellen Ida alone escaped—to marry, and to give birth to William, George, Nan, and Jim Walker.

She liked good clothes, Ellen Walker did, and knew how to wear them. She loved to dance, and could do that well, too. She was gay, friendly, kindhearted; also shrewd, witty, inclined to worldliness. In short, she was Jimmy Walker's mother.

Jimmy's father, Alderman Billy Walker, featured the more solemn virtues—and on them built a substantial and profitable business as a contractor and builder. Customers seldom asked him for estimates; never for specifications. Neighbors revered him for his devotion to his family. Constituents loved him for his devotion to the poor. He it was who conceived the plan for converting city-owned docks into recreation piers. He was less gay than his wife; but he enjoyed a good laugh.

"They say I laugh too much," his son remarked on the occasion of a visit to his father's birthplace, a small peasant's cottage in Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, Ireland. "Well, I take after my father, who was a first-class laughing man. If he could laugh living in that cabin, I can surely laugh living in City Hall."

These two, Ellen and Billy Walker, are important figures in any story of their son Jim, not alone because they were his progenitors, but because, by the record of comfortable, established well-being which they have left, they dispose of the first of many Walker myths.

There has long been a tendency to link the names of Jimmy Walker and Al Smith; to imply that Jimmy and Al grew up together, attended the same schools, played the

Behind the Scenes of His Entire Career with New York's Late Playboy Mayor, Whose Wise Cracks Have Amused the World and Typified the Jazz Age

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

same games on the same sidewalks of New York, and worked their way up from poverty to riches by the same arduous processes; in short, to create the impression that Jimmy was a chip off Al's noble old block.

It might have been better for Jimmy, and for New York, if the story had been true. But it wasn't.

Al Smith was born in 1873, Jimmy Walker in 1881. Al Smith was born in South Street near the East River; Jimmy Walker, on the West Side near the North River.

Al Smith's father was a truckman who died while his son was a small child, after a long illness which left his family penniless.

Jimmy Walker's father lived to make a name for himself as alderman, assemblyman, and Superintendent of Public Buildings for New York City, and to see his son safely launched on his political career as a member of the state Senate.

Al Smith left school at fourteen and went to work as a "truck chaser" at three dollars a week. Jimmy Walker didn't go to work when he was fourteen. He didn't seriously go to work, for any sustained period, until he was nearly thirty.

Incidentally, Al Smith married Katie Dunn of the Bronx and had five children; Jimmy Walker married Janet Allen of the chorus and had none.

But we are getting ahead of our story. The immediate point is that the son of such a solid citizen as William H. Walker did not need to fight very hard for what he got—perhaps not hard enough.

Jimmy pursued his studies gayly, sometimes brilliantly, but never profoundly, at St. Francis Xavier's College and at the New York Law School. He also took a business course at La Salle Academy. At all these institutions he gained a reputation of getting things at a glance.

"Jim," his father once said, "has a trigger mind."

Subsequent events were to prove conclusively that father was right. Jimmy did have a trigger mind. But there was little in those first years in Greenwich Village

TOWN, Laugh!

JIMMY WALKER

to indicate any serious desire on his part to use it—certainly not in the dull business of gainful occupation. It would hardly be fair to say that the youthful Jimmy was unwilling to work, but it *would* be fair to say that he preferred to dream. And so—being Jimmy Walker—he dreamed. He was a funny little boy—with ears that stood right out from his head. His mother said they grew that way, but of course they didn't. Ears don't grow horizontally any more than poplars do. His mother had let him lie on them instead of on pillows; and his large baby head had folded them up. The fact that they worked themselves back even halfway showed that originally they intended to do the right thing by him.

People were always dropping in at 6 St. Luke's Place, and they found Jimmy's ears a topic of outstanding interest. However, Jimmy's ears, though large, were impeccably clean. Ellen Walker saw to that. She may not have been so godly as her father, the saloon keeper, but she was just as cleanly.

SHE was kind, too. She didn't break the boy's spirit by curling his hair or taking away his firecrackers. She let him put on long pants before he was old enough to vote. She never punished him when she was angry. She never said, "It's for your good."

And she was wise. She didn't give her son too much money—or too little. She didn't make him wash the rubber plant or spray the ferns. She suffered a dog. She was reasonable about overcoats, underclothes, and Sundays—the three darkest shadows in a small boy's life. And it was certainly not her fault if Jim failed to grow up industrious and respectful to women.

It was his mother who encouraged what Jimmy's friends love to call "the poetic side of his nature." That there is such a side there can be no doubt. Although the grown-up Jimmy confesses to having read only twelve books all the way through, he could always appreciate a good line of poetry when he heard it. Once, when he was Senator, he found himself in a maudlin company of intellectuals who insisted on reciting Edna St. Vincent Millay. Jimmy's ear, which has always been quicker than his eye, caught a concluding couplet:

Whether or not we find what we are seeking
Is idle, biologically speaking.

"I would rather have written that," he said, "than be the governor of this state!"



Underwood & Underwood News photo

Jimmy Walker at the height of his glory as the jazz-age Mayor of New York, in 1928.

Nevertheless, it was not as a poet of the Edna Millay type that Jimmy was to woo the muse.

Song publishers didn't buy "intellectuals" in those days any more than they do in these; and Jimmy's ambition, encouraged by his mother, was to write and sell popular songs.

The poetic goal Jimmy and his mother were aiming at was Sweet Marie. Perhaps you remember the lyric:

I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie;
A tale I would impart, love, to thee.
Ev'ry daisy in the dell
Knows my secret, knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, sweet Marie!

Ellen Walker loved to sing, and to hum. Humming was considered a very ladylike exercise at this period, especially for songs of the daringly romantic type like the above and A Bicycle Built for Two!

Alderman Billy didn't think much of this song-writing business or anything else theatrical. He did take the family once to the Academy of Music to see Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead*, and spoke quite openly of having been to the Grand Opera House, at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, to see Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*. It was obvious that he did not wholly disapprove of these two; but it could be gathered from his general attitude that, outside of them and Shakespeare, there wasn't much to the drama, anyhow!

So far as theatergoing went, the youthful Jim had no alternative but to obey his father. Any suppressed desires he may have had to see *The Black Crook* remained suppressed. If it hadn't been for cigarette pictures and a certain pink paper the barber took, he might never have known of Della Fox, Frankie Bailey, Madge Lessing, Goldie Mohr, or any of those other well upholstered beauties of that day. But when it came to suppressing the song-writing urge, it just wouldn't suppress.

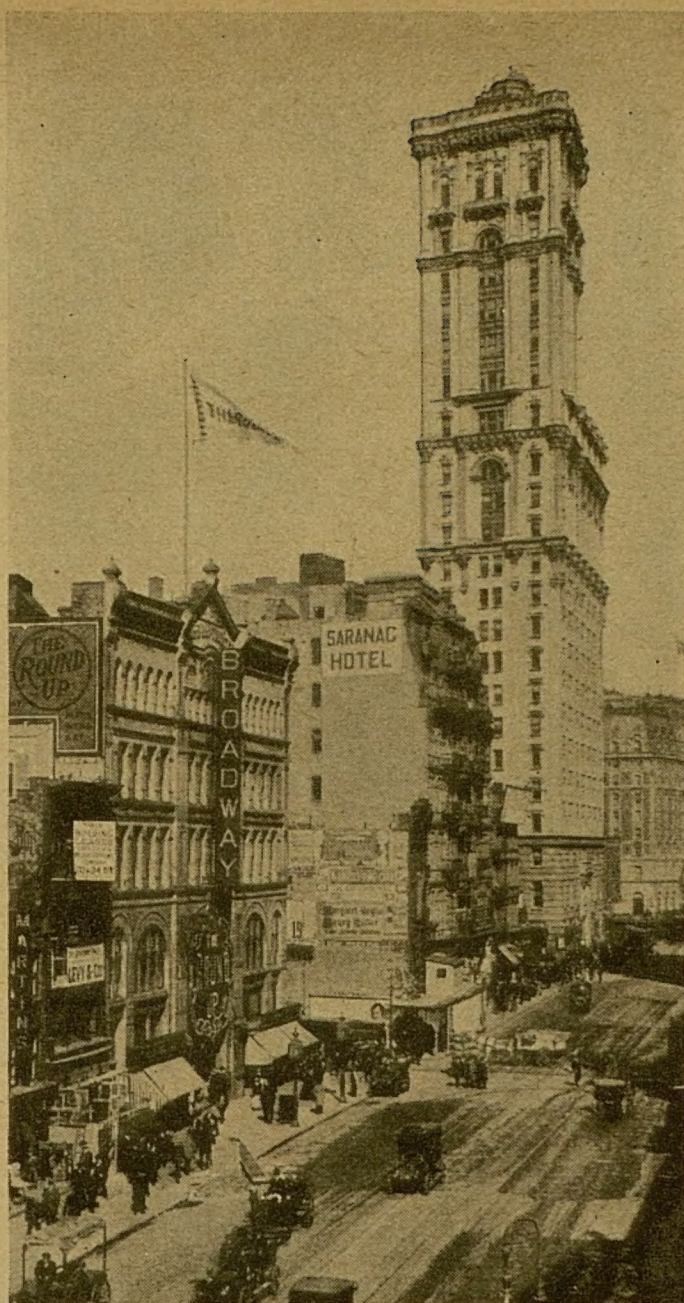
Jimmy was full of songs, and he simply had to do something about them. He couldn't sing them, God knows! His rendition of *My Dad's the Engineer* was a continual trial to his family; and his chances of selling the first song of his own composition—it was about a girl named Cook who could cook—were nearly ruined by his insisting on singing the lyric himself.

"To tell you the truth, kid," said the kindly vaudevillian to whom he was trying to sell it, "I don't know if it's good or bad, you've got such a terrible voice. Let's get to a piano."

At the piano Jimmy Walker could sell anything. As high an authority on Walkerania as Peggy Fears, chorus-girl wife of the mayor's great and good friend, A. C. ("Blumey") Blumenthal, vouches for that. And at the piano he sold his first song hit, *Mary Cook*.

THE piano wasn't the only instrument that the youthful Jimmy could make talk. At St. Francis Xavier's he performed musical miracles on the fife. In fact, the biggest day of Jimmy's scholastic career was probably the one on which he marched, at the age of sixteen, with his fellow fife-and-drummers up Riverside Drive to assist at the dedication of Grant's Tomb.

It was a question, perhaps, whether it was the musical or the sartorial features of this experience which appealed to him most, for it is recorded that he wore a "natty blue uniform with white stripes down the sides of his knee trousers" and "his coat shoulders caparisoned with gold braid," the whole effect topped by "a jaunty peaked cap," which we are told he wore "at the distinguishing angle characteristic of his hat-wearing today."



The Broadway that was—when Jimmy was a youthful writer of songs. Beyond the Times Building is the Hotel Astor.
International photo

Anyway, young Jimmy was musical; and he was, at least to some degree, "poetic"; so it was natural that Ellen Walker, shrewd and understanding woman that she was, should have pointed her son for a song writer's career.

Circumstances conspired to assist her. At Number 15 St. Luke's Place, in a comfortable, high-stooped, red-brick house, similar to the one occupied by the Walkers, its front windows looking out on a similar tiny patch of green lawn and its back windows facing a similar maze of clotheslines—lived heavy-jowled, big-fisted Theodore Dreiser. Himself, he had no turn for the popular song; but his brother, known to fame as Paul Dresser, author of *On the Banks of the Wabash*, was a continuing inspiration to the youthful lyricist.

IT may have been the success of the Dresser masterpiece—it turned out to be the theme song of its period—that diverted the young composer of *Mary Cook* from the kitchen into the wide-open spaces. Certainly his offerings began to take on a pastoral hue. Not once from Jimmy's pen or from his piano came a song of

New York like *East Side*, *West Side*, or *The Bowery*, the *Bowery*, *We'll Never Go There Any More*. Instead, he wrote such bucolic ditties as *After They Gather the Hay*.

Possibly those summer vacations when Mother Walker, after the manner of city matrons, left her industrious spouse to ply his trade and bundled Jim, George, Willie, and Nan to the Catskills, may have had something to do with Jim's predilection for songs about "the roses of summer" and "the old mill stream." On these jaunts the boy Jim entered whole-heartedly into the life of the countryside; he even fished. Years passed before the lad's idea of a vacation was a pair of cerulean pyjamas and a visored white béret!

It should be remembered, also, that New York during Jimmy Walker's lyric period was not so exclusively urban as it is now. The Board of Education was not forced, as it is today, to import a sample cow and a sample sheep from the real country and install them in what is by courtesy called the "Farm Yard" in Central Park in order that Manhattan school children may learn what cows and sheep are like. As late as 1895 no less a city boy than Al Smith recalls having seen "a cow grazing on a plot of land now worth two and a half million dollars at the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue";



Keystone View photo

Vernon and Irene Castle in the prewar days when they were exciting New York with the one-step, fox trot, and tango.

*Mayor Jimmy's world-famous
home at 6 St. Luke's Place.*
Acme photo

and John Curry, present Tammany boss, actually herded his father's sheep on vacant lots past which the composer of *After They Gather the Hay* must have traveled on his uptown way from Greenwich Village.

At seventeen the city boy was still singing of the country, but his young man's fancy had turned from the farmer's barnyard to the farmer's daughter. Good-bye, *Eyes of Blue*, he called his best-known lyric of this period. By this time Jimmy had become a "regular" in Tin Pan Alley, that mythical thoroughfare which, in fact, sprawls all over the environs of what we now know as Times Square.

At Witmark's, one of the leading tune-pushing establishments of the period, he met Ernest Ball, then known as "the Silent Swede," but later to win fleeting fame as author of *Love Me and the World Is Mine*. To Ball, Jimmy confided his secret. He had a line around which he believed a popular song could be written. It was—you have guessed it—"Will you love me in December as you do in May?"

The Silent Swede grunted approval. Thus encouraged, Jimmy hustled home and propounded his now famous question to his mother. Again approval. And, as was so often the case with Ellen Walker, action. Off the kitchen table she whipped the neat red cloth, leaving its white scrubbed pine top invitingly bare. On the table she placed a pad of paper. In Jimmy's hand she placed a pencil. In the kitchen chair she placed Jimmy himself. Then she went out and locked the door.

When she returned he had written:

Now in the summer of life, sweetheart,
You say you love but me.
Gladly I give all my heart to you,
Throbbing with ecstasy.
But last night I saw while a-dreaming,
The future old and gray,
And I wondered if you'll love me then, dear,
Just as you do today.

CHORUS:

Will you love me in December as you do in May?
Will you love me in the good old-fashioned way?
When my hair has all turned gray
Will you kiss me then, and say
That you love me in December as you do in May?

NEXT morning, his flat-crowned derby perched at a suitable angle, he started for the midtown cigar store where he parked his cane. Jimmy, as a rising young man about town and frequenter of Tin Pan Alley, was entitled to swing a neat bamboo; but Jimmy the son of Alderman Billy Walker of Greenwich Village was not entitled to any such privilege—not if Billy or the Village saw him first. Hence the subterfuge of the cigar store, halfway between the Village and the Square.

The musical and theatrical world on the threshold of which the young man stood had not yet experienced the syncopated revolution which was to shake the night life of the metropolis literally to its foundations. Jimmy hadn't experienced it either. Except for the cane, he was still just a little Greenwich Village boy trying—not too hard—to get along, and getting a lot of help doing it.



Today we are apt to think of Greenwich Village as

... Thought's underworld, the
Brainstorm Slum.
The land of Futile Piffledom. . . .

But, as a matter of fact, old Greenwich, called by the Indians Sappokanikke, goes back most honorably into the very beginning of Manhattan time. By 1881—James John Walker was born June 19 of that year—it had long since lost its historic prison and some of the rural aspects which had contributed to its charm as a health resort, but it had not yet cluttered itself up with Pirates' Dens and Blue Horses and Purple Pups. It was simply "an idyllic residential retreat" with a pastoral, almost bucolic atmosphere, in which little Jimmy Walker grew up. He *was* little, so appealingly so that the bigger boys joined hands with Fate to fight a good many of his battles for him. George Collins, his faithful secretary of City Hall days, was combination pal and bodyguard in the Greenwich Village days. But this way of getting others to do his rough work for him—and love it—does not mean that young Jimmy was a weakling.

HE learned to swim off the nearby river docks, and soon acquired a neighborhood reputation as a high diver. He bent low and long over the ram's-horn handle-

bars of his safety bicycle, his thin little legs often pedaling him all the way to Coney Island and return. He skated, as he afterward danced, far more gracefully than the average youth. And to this day he bears on the tip of his nose a slight scar which is a memento of his quarterback days at St. Francis Xavier's.

Baseball, however, was Jimmy's game. At school he played every position except catcher, performed creditably at the bat, and led the team in stolen bases. So good he was that he was persuaded to join a semiprofessional team in Hoboken, New Jersey, in whose behalf he played an excellent outfield until his father, William H., decided that a professional baseball player was nothing for a substantial Greenwich Village citizen to have about the house.

So Jimmy went back to his piano and his poesy, and settled down—apparently for good—into the comfortable family life that centered around his mother's marble fireplace in the old-fashioned high-ceilinged living room at 6 St. Luke's Place. At twenty-five he was still Jimmy the Dreamer.

Such was the young man who arrived that spring morning at the office of Witmark & Sons with a lyric in his pocket which was scarcely typical of the present-day Jimmy Walker—as the world knows him—but which *was* typical of the Jimmy Walker of that day and of the Broadway of that day. It was a sentimental song; but Jimmy Walker in his middle twenties was a sentimental person; and Broadway in its early nineteen hundreds was a sentimental thoroughfare. It had not yet become a short cut to Hollywood.

Blanche Bates had been making Broadway history in *The Girl of the Golden West*, Viola Dana in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, Marguerite Clark in *Prunella*. Albert Chevalier and Vesta Victoria were vaudeville headliners. Victor Herbert and Franz Lehar were comic-opera kings.

Other names, afterward glamorous, were just beginning to glimmer. Charlie Chaplin was doing five shows a day on the Sullivan-Considine circuit. Walter Winchell

was singing between films at the Regent Theater on 116th Street. The Four Marx Brothers were known as the Three Nightingales. And Eddie Cantor, in long stockings and short pants, was singing:

"School days, school days,
Dear old April Fool days."

On such a Broadway Will You Love Me in December? was an immediate success. The lyric was appealing in a mushy, plaintive way; and the music, in the sobby ballad style, was destined to make its composer, Ernest Ball, a long-remembered figure in Broadway musical life. But so far as Walker was concerned it was a one-song success.

When Jimmy wrote the December lyric the stage was apparently set for just such tenuous, saccharine talents as he at that time possessed. But it was not set for long. That very year When Knighthood Was in Flower played to less than a dollar gross in Boulder, Colorado! Suddenly the public had decided that it didn't give a damn for knighthood. What it wanted, and what it got, was the snicker and the wise crack.

Sin and Jimmy Walker had arrived on Broadway almost simultaneously. Although one came from Eden and the other from Greenwich Village—and it is to be presumed that there were further points of dissimilarity—both were symptomatic, in their ways, of a Great Change. There had been very little night life in New York during the first years of the century. Speakeasies were unnecessary; night clubs unknown. Restaurants for the most part washed up after dinner and called it a day.

It wasn't until Louis Martin installed his trick dancing floor in the Café de l'Opéra, and Vernon Castle danced upon it, that New York night life took on the gay coloring which has given it its nationwide fame. Castle was an excessively tall, excessively thin, excessively blond boy who had played the "String Bean" in Lew Fields' musical comedies; and he had married a willowy New Rochelle girl who knew how to wear clothes. The combination, for some strange reason, proved electrifying. It wasn't long before the Castles opened their own place—several of them.

Joan Sawyer, Mae Murray, and other graceful dancers did likewise; and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, starting at the Cliff House in San Francisco—where they had proved an even greater attraction than the seals!—danced their way eastward on to the floors of New York restaurants. Orchestras were never still. Neither were feet. Carpets were torn from their tack holes, rugs from their sockets. Eyes popped from their sockets, too, at some of the sights they beheld!

ONE-STEPS! Fox trots! Tangos! One, two; one, two, three! The old problem of a really suitable national anthem was finally solved. It was—nobody could doubt it—Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.

The lid was off—and so were other things. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson appeared bare-legged in Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms. Maud Allan, Gertrude Hoffman, Eva Tanguay, even dusky Ada Overton Walker—all thinly disguised as Biblical Salomes—appeared bare-tummied on Broadway stages.

Isadora Duncan, hitherto anathema to the strait-laced, became old-fashioned, almost dull. Irving Berlin wrote Everybody's Doing It. And everybody did.

The dance craze grew into an orgy of grotesquerie; and morals fell into something more than their usual precarious state in those jiggling years before the World War. It is doubtful whether Jimmy Walker of Greenwich Village had, at this time, ever been in Jack's, that famous old Sixth Avenue café, headquarters of all sorts of Broadway luminaries. It is certain that he had not been admitted to its exclusive inner circle. His approach to Broadway greatness was a more leisurely one.

New York had been transformed almost overnight from a city to a resort. Broadway, hitherto a dream thoroughfare, had become a blistering reality to millions of visitors from the hinterlands.

CARAVANS of tourists—forerunners of the "big butter-and-egg men" and "hello suckers" of our own day—arrived hourly to spend their vacations and their bank rolls in this new-found all-night spenders' paradise.

It was inevitable that they should be followed by the professional crooks; and it was also inevitable that the crooks should be followed, as they have been since the beginning of organized time, by their masters and beneficiaries, the professional politicians. By providing the honest citizen with a place to stay up all night, the turkey trot and the bunny hug and the grizzly bear had inadvertently provided an ideal place for the gambler, the gangster, the tout, the pimp, the gyp, the gigolo, and the politician to ply their nighttime trades.

Monk Eastman, Paul Kelly, Bald Jack Rose, Nick the Greek—types seldom seen on the sidewalks of the old Broadway—crawled out into the sunlight for a drink at

the Forty-second Street Country Club in Jim Regan's Knickerbocker, or a snack at Considine's under the old Metropole, or a warm-up at pinochle in the "prop" room of Hammerstein's Victoria Theater. By night they and their blonde scenery decorated the dance floors of the now fairly roaring Forties.

Pat McCarron, lean, lank boss of the Brooklyn democracy, became a familiar Broadway figure. Charlie Murphy, a more cautious type—it was said of Charlie that he refrained from singing The Star-Spangled Banner at Tammany's Fourth of July celebrations for fear of committing himself!—remained in seclusion at Delmonico's and Good Ground; but he sent his emissaries to the Kingdom of Joy.

The "boys" maintained their official headquarters in the stodgy old hall on Fourteenth Street; but they spent

their nights in Times Square. So, for other reasons, did the "Tired Business Man." The Wall Street crowd, which had spent its money at the Waldorf bar and in the retiring and now wholly retired Mr. Canfield's discreet gambling emporia, moved in a body—Diamond Jim Brady's body, for example—into the white lights of the dine-and-sup.

Fifth Avenue, bored by its own stodginess, followed the Wall Street example. Boys from Groton and girls from Brearley—sometimes with, sometimes without their socially impeccable fathers and mothers—jostled gunmen and "skirts" not only at *thé dansants* but in dance-mad *à la cartes* and *table d'hôtes*. At last there were places where Fifth Avenue could bring its wife and Broadway its best girl, and—for a price—a good time could be had by all.

And was!

Tickets for "those wicked Follies" were said to be sell-



Underwood & Underwood News photo

The first Mrs. Jimmy in the St. Luke's Place home, singing Will You Love Me in December?

ing for unbelievable prices—sometimes as high as four fifty and five dollars—or still more if you got them from a speculator. Anna Held was getting two thousand dollars a week for singing naughty songs in vaudeville. Gaby Deslys, girl friend of kings, was doing even better financially at the Winter Garden. Lina Abarbanell in Madame Sherry was delighting thousands with that amiable ditty, Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own. George M. Cohan, aged thirty-two, was already being referred to as “the dean of American song writers.”

Nobody cared now whether it was apple-blossom time in Normandy, and nobody knew whether harvest moons still shone up in the sky. Least of all did anybody wish to be loved in December in the same way and by the same person as he had been loved in May.

The Song had followed the Dance out of the realm of Sentiment into the mire of Sex.

The Castles and their imitators had done more than take the light fantastic off the sidewalks of New York and plant it in the cafés. They had put a cover charge on joy. They had done more than illumine the metropolitan night. They had put a second story on the metropolitan day. They had done more than set the stage for the Greatest Show on Earth. They had made of New York a continuous performance—a day-and-night city, the like of which had never been seen in the world before.

There were, of course, other New Yorks, where people worked by day and slept by night; but these other New Yorks were not destined to count for much in political history during the next two decades. It was this sleepless town within the sleeping town that held the purse strings and, it must be admitted, the heart strings of New York.

It was of this town within a town that Jimmy Walker ultimately became the Leading Citizen.

But “ultimately” is a long word; or so it must have seemed to Jimmy as he viewed the future out of the wreckage of his song-writing hopes.

ON the strength of the “December” lyric Jimmy had landed a job with the music-publishing house of Mark and Stearns, the head of which, Mitchell Mark—who always ate sliced Bermuda onions just before he went to bed—later gained Broadway fame as the builder of the Strand Theaters. He was the creator of the cathedral of the motion picture. Incidentally, he was an old friend of Walker. But even with the advantage of Mark’s friendship and the prestige of his own temporary success, Jimmy and the job didn’t stick together long.

The association was, however, a momentous one so far as the young man’s future was concerned, because it served to introduce him to his wife.

Janet Allen was a round-faced, smiling and singing little girl from Clinton, Iowa. Her father, a former Omaha newspaper man, operated a 168-acre farm at Clinton, on which Janet had grown up into a typically

Here’s part of the first page of Jimmy’s deathless sentimental ditty, the one song of his that made a big hit.



International photo

Jimmy with Ernest Ball, who wrote the music of Will You Love Me?

employ of Mark and Stearns, had written for the show.

Some say Jimmy chose her for the part; others say that she burst suddenly upon his duly enraptured gaze as he sat during a rehearsal in the darkened pit of the theater. Neither Jimmy nor “Allie”—everybody called her Allie—has ever troubled to clarify the point. Perhaps they don’t remember. Perhaps they don’t care.

This much is undisputed: the boy and girl “fell” for each other and went to lunch.

Seven years later they were married.

IN the interval Jimmy got nowhere with his song writing. The musical comedy died an early death. A vaudeville sketch in which Janet sang was equally unsuccessful. It seems hardly believable now, when the ears of the world are still ringing with the echoes of Walker wise cracks, that the simple youth from Greenwich Village found himself quite unable to cope with the syncopated hard-boiledness that followed the dance craze into the show shops and tune factories of Broadway. But it was so. When jazz came in Jimmy went out.

The song-and-dance revolution which was to give New York its song-and-dance mayor had found the latter, in his embryo state, quite unprepared to take advantage of it—quite unprepared, for a man of his age and opportunities, to take advantage of anything.

Just a sentimental, slow-developing, easy-going, sweet little boy—that’s what Jimmy Walker was, and apparently continued to be, until he underwent a metamorphosis not unlike the one which had already happened to the world in which he lived.

Then it was that Jimmy Walker came back to Broadway, not only as the principal actor in that continuous performance which was New York, but as owner, impresario, protean star, and glorified master of ceremonies of a show of his own which was to win for him two decades of almost uninterrupted patronage and applause.

The title of Jimmy’s show was—at least, it should have been—Laugh, Town, Laugh!

How Jimmy, nearing thirty, was led by the hand into public life and politics; how as a New York State assemblyman he showed his mettle as debater and wisecracker; and how, after an engagement that lasted seven years, he got married the first time—all this will appear in next week’s installment of Laugh, Town, Laugh!

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Katie Oliver.

Will you love me in December
As you do in May?

3276

Ukulele in G
Tune Ukulele thus B-E-B-G-C when used with Piano

Words by J. J. WALKER. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Andante.

Now in the sum-mer of life sweet-heart, You say you love but
You say the glow on my cheek sweet-heart, Is like the rose so

One Kind of

(Reading time: 33 minutes 10 seconds.)

LEANING back against the wall, Janet listened anxiously but could hear only a dim murmur from her mother's bedroom. Dr. Parks was habitually soft-spoken, gentle, genial, one of the last of the vanishing race of general practitioners, and Janet couldn't expect to hear his voice through the closed door; but it was surprising to find her mother's voice so absolutely inaudible in its weakness. It frightened her.

Then suddenly the door opened, and closed behind Dr. Parks's tall, slightly stooped, grave figure, and the next moment he was coming toward her.

"Doctor!" she cried. "Is—is it really serious?"

There was in her voice that slightly husky emotional quality which made her seem mysterious to numberless men—as if she were a woman with a past. But it was only a quality of voice, with the illusion enhanced, however, by the darkness of her eyes and the warm, dusky effect of her very long lashes. She was tall, slim, and supple, and when Dr. Parks came into the window-seat alcove where she was waiting, he was unable, in spite of his errand, to throw off the thought of what a lovely wife she would make a man.

He took her hands slowly, paternally.

"It shocks me to see your mother," he said. "Two weeks ago I thought it was just a slight exhaustion. But now I know different. For two days she has taken no nourishment. I've known your mother since the day she married your father, and I've seen her stand up under the shock of your father's death, and other things. Always her superb vitality has carried her through. But not this time. It has swiftly ebbed away. The change is startling. In a woman like your mother it is more distressing to see than in another." Suddenly his eyes were moist. "I took her hand in mine a moment ago. It—it was like ice."

Janet caught her breath.

"You—you don't think she's going to die!"

Dr. Parks nodded.

"Only one thing can save her."

A long moment of silence hovered in the air before Janet said:

"You mean—if I marry Steve?"

"Yes," said Dr. Parks gravely. "Her heart is set on it, Janet—her whole life."

Janet felt suddenly so tense that it seemed as if all her nerves had come to the surface of her body to wait and listen—and then downstairs she caught the sound of Steve's heavy footfall back and forth across the living room. Faithful old Steve! He had come from the office on a moment's notice.

But Janet's thoughts flew back to her mother. How unlike her it was to surrender to anything, most of all illness! Janet realized that she herself, like her mother, had always done pretty much as she pleased. Each with that terribly strong will, each recognizing the trait in the other, and tactfully making of their days a long series of strategies to avoid conflicts.

Yet certain words of her mother's returned to her now as she stood here facing Dr. Parks: "I don't know where you get your stubbornness. Certainly not from my branch of the family. It must be from the Stanleys. Cousin Ida is the same way." And again, on the subject of Steve, who was a Barrett: "Our kind of people, my dear. Certainly *family* counts for *something*."

Janet clenched her fists, remembering how unhappy her mother had been at times through martyring herself for something that wasn't worth the terrible honor of a



A Story Which Shows You
Never Can Tell About LOVE

By

C H A R L E S
D I V I N E

frustration. Now the situations were reversed. It was Janet who was asked to martyr herself—and in a way no woman should ever have to. Suddenly she asked Dr. Parks:

"But should I marry him when I don't love him?"

"Steve's a mighty nice young man, to my way of thinking."

"The salt of the earth! But I haven't any more feeling for him than I have for—for that banister," concluded Janet, staring at the rail. "There are half a dozen others I'd marry more cheerfully than Steve. Should I marry him when I don't love him?"

The doctor nodded.

"To save a life."

Janet leaned back and gripped the banister.

"I can't, I can't!" she murmured.

"That's for you to decide, Janet. But your mother just said: 'If only Janet and Steve could stand here be-

Marriage

ILLUSTRATIONS
by MORTIMER
WILSON, JR.

so cold that Janet clasped it desperately, trying to make it warm by pressure. Her mother seemed to sense what she was doing, for she said, "It's no use," feebly, and withdrew her hand and slowly let it slide back under the covers again.

Mrs. Stanley knew very well what she was doing. She was returning her hand to the spot where it had been resting on an ice bag secretly hidden under the bedclothes, the source of the terrible chill that had given her fingers their deathlike iciness and appalled Janet as she held them. But if Janet had held on too long they would have turned warm again, and a tragic effect would have been lost.

Every successful woman is something of an actress, Mrs. Stanley comforted herself, knowing the many times she had played parts in front of Jonathan when he was alive. It had often been the only way to get what she wanted. But never a part so painstakingly thorough as this, requiring first of all the bribing of the nurse and Annie and the hoodwinking of old Dr. Parks. This would be her masterpiece if she succeeded, she reflected as she closed her eyes a moment and, with perfect invalid pallor and motionlessness, opened them again to let her gaze wander to Jonathan's portrait on the wall.

SHE had been proud of him—proud of what people used to say of him in Lakeside: "Jonathan Stanley runs the street-railway company, and Mrs. Stanley runs Jonathan." And now, the more the years dragged on without Janet and Steve getting together seriously, the more impossible of achievement any marriage between them would become. And Steve was the son-in-law she was set on having.

A tear crept out on one of her eyelashes and rolled conspicuously down her cheek.

"Mother!" gasped Janet. "I—I'm going to marry Steve. I'll marry him, mother. You understand?"

She nodded. "Thank God!" she murmured, and glanced meaningfully toward the telephone.

"You want me to call—" began Janet.

"Ida and Albert. Witnesses."

Mrs. Stanley closed her eyes peacefully, aware that the swift rush of Janet's sympathies had at last played into her hands, and listened elated to Janet's voice over the telephone making the hasty arrangements—summoning Dr. Andrus from the Presbyterian parsonage, and Cousins Ida and Albert, who had only a twenty-minute drive to get here.

Steve Barrett paused in his pacing about the living room and listened to the sounds overhead—Janet's footsteps, a door opening, closing, then Janet's voice again, clearly her voice—and suddenly his tall figure stiffened, his dark eyes brooded, gazing at nothing through the open door on to the veranda and the lawns.

Just the throaty, boyishly confident quality of her voice had the power to make his nerves tingle again and take him back over a thousand memories centering around her, from the time they went to school together, drifting along Front Street under the old elms, climbing up on Mr. Petty's stone balustrade in the days when that knee-high fence seemed perilous to mount, until the later years when he began asking Janet to marry him and she refused for the most painful reason of all.

"Your mother just said: 'If only Janet and Steve could stand beside my bed and be quietly married, I'd have something to live for.'"

side my bed and be quietly married, I'd have something to live for.' Otherwise I'm afraid it's her deathbed."

Janet suddenly looked up. The nurse quietly came out of her mother's room and went down the hall. Something in her relentless step, her whole rigidly unemotional nature, struck an awful feeling into Janet. She seized the doctor's arm.

"All right," she said in a low, tense voice. "I'll do it!"

When she entered the bedroom it was a shock to see how altered her mother looked, her head lying low on her pillow in a tangle of speckled gray hair, her wide, matronly cheeks as lifeless as a wax figure's, her eyes dull, unseeing—

"Mother! Don't you recognize me?"

"Yes"—very weakly, "it's Janet."

She reached for her mother's hand, and it slid slowly out from under the bedclothes to meet hers. But it was

The pain in his heart was no longer a blinding, suffocating agony, as it had once been; it had settled down to a dull ache, and at times, as now, he could look on it—and himself—with a cruelly detached view, as if he were another person looking on objectively at a poor sap in trouble. Perhaps, he reflected, this came to him because he was naturally a lawyer. He could even smile grimly and laugh at the poor sap's despair.

When Janet entered the living room she was thinking only of how quickly they must act—and get it over with! A glance at Steve—the familiar profile: straight nose, firm chin, and the flat peninsula of very black hair that ran out on his forehead—and she came up to him hurriedly and explained what they were going to do. Even as she spoke she was disturbed by the thought of how much happiness it meant to Steve and how little to her. An attitude of fatalism must carry her through.

Steve looked into her eyes, and his own were intense, almost fierce.

"If I hadn't loved you all my life, ever since we slid down banisters together, and if your mother hadn't always been aiding and abetting me—trying to push you into my arms—the thing might have happened naturally. But as it is—"

HE faltered, his voice suddenly hoarse, and averted his face. Janet felt sorry for him. But pity wasn't love. When he turned back to her he surprised her by the control he had of himself.

"I won't do it!" he declared. "I won't have you on such terms."

"You've got to. Mother's life depends on it now."

"I won't do it," he repeated evenly. "I don't care what her life depends on."

"Steve!" cried Janet reproachfully.

"Excuse me, but I feel like stating things bluntly right now. She's ruined my life—whether she meant to or not. Do you think I'm going to marry you when you don't love me? What kind of a monster do you think I am?"

He strode to the door and turned his back on her.

"If I'm willing to go through with it, I should think you might," pursued Janet, and walked defiantly in front of him. "Dr. Parks says it's the only thing that will keep life in her. You can do it—if you've got a spark of human feeling left."

"Human feeling!" echoed Steve, and his face suddenly revealed a look of pain. "Oh, no, I'm just a block of wood! Just a—"

"Forgive me, Steve," begged Janet contritely, and added: "I thought you said you were cultivating a sense of humor in order to put up with me."

A faint smile came slowly to his lips.

"Well, I was," he said, and looked at her once and was no longer so serious. "I guess I forgot it. But, Janet dear, this would be as bad as a shotgun marriage."

Janet laughed feebly.

"Who do you think is having the gun held at his head—you or me?"

Steve thrust his hands into his pockets, resigned.

"All right. You win. Come on!"

Janet looked out of the open window at her side. The tiniest kind of a breeze stirred the leaves, just enough of a breeze to testify to the radiantly bright leafy world outside on the lawn, to make alive the flickering pattern of sunlight and shade on the driveway, the sweetness of the air. June, the month of roses and weddings! And all at once she felt her mind invaded by all she had dreamed of in association with that word: June, and a young husband holding her in his arms in a way that made her heart fairly leap out of her—exultant because there was a love between them that had its own rapture



"Listen, Hortense," he said, as she started back.

just as authentically as did a mere thing like the weather!

"Do you, Janet, take Stephen, to be your lawful wedded—"

"I do," answered Janet too hastily.

"—husband," concluded Dr. Andrus. His hands were sweating, noticed Janet, brought back from the June world of imagination to the sick room again.

"Do you, Stephen, take Janet—"

The tense feeling left her, and she was now simply herself again, accepting the inevitable, in a room where she could see her father staring down at her from his portrait on the wall, genial and so good!—and her mother's head propped up by pillows, her face placid, a smile of satisfaction on her lips.

Dr. Parks was right. The will to live had returned to her mother. But it was the portrait on the wall that caused a wave of tenderness to sweep over Janet as she thought, "You never would have asked this of me, would you, father?"

"May I be the first to kiss the bride?" Dr. Andrus was saying, and Janet let him brush her cheek with his lips.

Soon the sick room was empty again, except for her mother's figure resting quietly, contentedly, under the covers, and when Janet went downstairs she found Steve alone in the living room, leaning against the mantelpiece smoking a cigarette. Janet lit one for herself.

"And so they were married," she quoted.

"Huh!" said Steve with gloomy sarcasm. "A hot kind of marriage this is!"

As an old friend of the Stanleys he had often slept here in their house, which had been another home to him,



"You married her to me. Take your medicine."

so that now it would be no innovation to move in with a couple of suitcases, as Mrs. Stanley had suggested. "You might as well," said Janet, who knew that Steve's father had closed his house for the summer and gone to the beach and that Steve had been about to move over to the club. "You can have the blue room," added Janet.

Steve agreed, but he felt sardonic. He could see himself coming in every afternoon from the office and going down the hall, past Janet's closed door, to his own room at the back, as shut out from Janet's real life as if he were a monk living in Tibet.

"Another thing," said Janet with a grin. "Mother says she wants us to go on a honeymoon, if only a short one. She'll be all right now, she says, with the nurse and Annie, and Dr. Parks can run in at any time."

Steve stared at her a moment.

"Honeymoon hell!" he said, reaching for his hat. "I'm going back to the office." And he strode out of the house.

AT five o'clock he returned, and Janet saw him climb the stairs with his bags. For half an hour she didn't see him again. Then she happened to go into the kitchen, looking for Annie, to inquire about the arrangements for dinner. The kitchen was empty, but there was a sudden commotion on the back stairs. Janet, surprised, pushed through the swinging door and ran up the stairs to investigate.

At the landing she stopped, amazed. Annie, with a tray in her hands, stood struggling in Steve's arms.

"Let me alone!" she cried. "Let me alone, Mr. Steve!"

"I will not," said Steve gruffly, and the next moment

the tray was knocked out of Annie's hands, and tray and dishes came tumbling down the stairs, followed by Annie, who fled past Janet with a horrified look on her face. Janet leaped up the steps to confront Steve.

"That was a pretty scene. Married two hours, and I find you on the back stairs trying to kiss the maid!"

Steve pushed past her without a word. Janet went on a few steps, and then hesitated, wondering at Steve's behavior. It was such a surprise! She started to go to her room. But curiosity was too much for her, and she returned to the kitchen in time to see Steve, who had evidently re-assembled the tray and its contents, facing Annie as accusingly as a prosecuting attorney.

"ONE fruit cocktail," he was saying, "one jelly omelet, and muffins—how many muffins were there, Annie?"

"I won't tell you."

"What is this, Steve?" demanded Janet.

Steve pointed to the tray. Annie's voice began to tremble.

"Mrs. Stanley has taken no nourishment for two days," said Annie.

"We've heard that before," scoffed Steve. "You know you took that tray up to her room and she ate everything on it. By the remains I judge there must have been three or four muffins. And rice pudding—her favorite dessert. What did she have for breakfast?"

Annie began to cry.

"She'll discharge me now. She told me if either of you found out I'd have to look for another place."

"What did she have for breakfast?" insisted Steve. "You won't be fired."

"Grapefruit and eggs and toast—just the usual thing."

"And last night for dinner? What did you give her?"

"Steak and cauliflower."

"Steak and cauliflower," repeated Steve, and laughed. "What an invalid! And at death's door. She hasn't missed a meal since she took to her bed, has she?"

"N-no," sobbed Annie.

Janet caught her breath.

"And the nurse she hired," persisted Steve. "She was in on the secret too, wasn't she?"

Annie nodded. So did Steve, grimly. "The case is complete," he said.

Janet cried, "Oh, how I hate her!" and flung herself out of the kitchen.

Steve overtook her in the living room. She was trembling.

"Mother faked the whole thing, didn't she?"

"No doubt of it," said Steve.

"And Dr. Parks? Did she get him to lie too?"

"No; I think she hoodwinked him—like the rest of us. He's too simple to take part in that kind of deception, and she probably knew it."

"Mother's a fiend!" cried Janet. "Just to get her way—to have us married."

"Janet dear," urged Steve, seeing the desperate look on her face, "don't be so tragic. She put one over on us, that's all."

"And to think she lay upstairs in bed with that dying look on her face," said Janet fiercely, "and her hands as cold as ice—"

"An ice bag," explained Steve. "I found it a few minutes ago. Abandoned. Then I went in her room and managed to take hold of her hands. Warm enough now. You could fry an egg on 'em."

Janet glared. "I can't laugh at it. To think she would tie us up like this, manipulate us as if we were—"

Oh, I hate her as I never hated anybody before in my life!"

Her mind was suddenly like a melting pot into which memories poured faster and faster, bubbling with heat, seething, boiling—memories of all the occasions when she had sided with her father in his not too happy conflicts with her mother's temperament; memories of her mother gaining her way by hook or crook, selfish, willful, relentless.

Janet picked up a porcelain ash tray and flung it against the fireplace. Crash!

Steve was amazed. Now Janet began to mutter wildly: "Polite adult conventions! 'Mother this,' 'Mother that'—'Dear girl.' All for the sake of civilized behavior! This is the end."

"Listen, Janet," said Steve. "She's just an overzealous mother with an *idée fixe*. Now that we know what she did, it's easy to undo it. Get a divorce."

"Divorce!" echoed Janet, and stared at him pityingly. "You know she would never consent to that. With her views on divorce? Not that I'll ever listen to her views again! But at the first mention of divorce she'd take to her bed and try to die all over again. I almost wish she would!"

"Janet, Janet!" implored Steve. "Don't get yourself all worked up over it. We'll find a way out. First we'll wait and see if your mother makes an astonishing recovery. Then we'll get busy. But we won't let her know that we know."

STEVE helped Mrs. Stanley into her chair at her first appearance at dinner, winking at Janet from behind her back as he said solicitously: "Take it easy, Mother Stanley; you mustn't overtax your strength."

Janet bit her lip. She had been schooled by Steve into a secretly humorous acceptance of her mother's lie. It was delicious. Two could play at that game.

"We almost lost you, mother dear," she remarked tenderly; "didn't we?"

Mrs. Stanley sighed.

"Dr. Parks said I had lost all will to live. Queer, isn't it, what can happen to us human creatures?"

Janet kicked Steve's foot under the table and said:

"It has made us appreciate you more, mother."

Mrs. Stanley turned to Steve.

"Do you think I've lost much weight?"

"Oh, sure! You must be down to a hundred and sixty."

"Steve!" Mrs. Stanley reproached him. Janet giggled.

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley soberly, "it's one experience I never want to go through again."

At the end of a week she let herself be herself again, and began bossing Annie with her old forthright domination, transplanting bushes in the garden with her own hands, attending club meetings in the afternoons, and driving her own car wherever she wanted to go.

By that time she was telling Janet and Steve that there was no reason in the world now why they shouldn't enjoy a honeymoon, belated though it was, and go away for as long as they liked—even to Europe. "I'll miss you, of course, but I'll be playing golf every day—you know I'm not going to let Mrs. Underwood take the women's cup away from me at the club this year! Not if it kills me."

There was no honeymoon, however, for Steve and Janet decided that the time had come for them to put into action their plan leading to a separation. Already Mrs. Stanley had complained: "You don't seem like a couple of lovers. Dear me, people take themselves so for granted nowadays. Jonathan and I were never like that."

Steve constantly felt the anomaly of their situation. He and Janet had the trappings of marriage, that was all; none of the love-making, none of the intimacy he would have given his soul to know. And for that reason it was harder to endure their informal meetings at breakfast, with Janet in her dressing gown, lounging at the table with her throat adorably bare where he would like to have kissed it, and with her gaze mocking his eyes. But, because he loved her and would do anything for her, he was willing to enter heartily into their scheme "to make mother divorce-conscious," as Janet called it.



"Divorce!"
echoed Janet,
and stared at him
pityingly. "You know
she would never consent."

"I've got to prove myself a cad, that's all," said Steve.

"I'm afraid you'll never succeed," said Janet. "It's hard to imagine you in the rôle."

"Well, I'll begin gradually and work up to it."

He began by neglecting Janet obviously—by coming in only late at night and going directly to his room, and by going out again the next morning before she came down to breakfast.

"What's the matter with Steve?" Mrs. Stanley complained to Janet. "Is he *all business*?"

Janet sighed. "It begins to look that way more and more."

"Dear me, that's rather distressing! Can't you do something about it?"

"I try, but it's no use."

THE next morning Janet managed to have a moment alone with Steve, and asked him: "Can't you come in tonight looking a little bit disreputable?"

"I'd love to." He glared at Janet a moment; then said: "I've been looking for an excuse to get drunk."

Janet sat up late waiting for him, and her pacing of the floor attracted her mother's attention.

"Are you worried, dear? Where do you suppose he is? It's nearly midnight."

"I don't know, mother. He never tells me any more."

Mrs. Stanley gasped.

"I'll put a stop to this! To think that Steve Barrett—to think that any son of Evangeline Barrett's should turn out this way! Of course there was an uncle—but he's far back—an uncle in the family who was said to be a dipsomaniac and had to be sent away regularly for a cure. But a thing like that is not inherited. The weakness may be, but Steve's not a weak young man. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby—"

"Well, I don't know what you can do," put in Janet. "I do," said Mrs. Stanley, shutting her lips very tightly. "I'll wait up and have a talk with him."

When Steve finally lunged noisily into the house, Janet was the first to greet him.

"Oh, my dear," she said, seizing him by the lapel of his coat and whispering in his ear, "you've overdone it! You've really got a beaut."

Steve grinned foolishly.

"I put in enough time getting it!"

He began to climb the stairs, swaying against the banister and clutching it till it squeaked and protested. He was conscious of a door opening and Mrs. Stanley confronting him.

"Steve!" she cried. "This has got to stop. I won't have you neglecting Janet and coming home in this condition!"

Steve peered at her overintently.

"Listen, Hortense," he said—and she started back at the unexpected use of her name. "You married her to me. Take your medicine."

"Hortense!" she echoed. "I've never been spoken to in that tone before in my life, and I won't now—not from you, Steve Barrett!"

"You'll be speaking—I mean spoken to—and like it!"

"Janet!" cried Mrs. Stanley. "Come here and get your husband. He's disgusting."

"Husband? Husband?" repeated Steve, and lurched rhetorically. "Ha-ha-ha! Three ha's and a couple of tee-hees. That's very funny. The term husband presupposes a wife. But Janet a wife? Why, Janet's just a case of arrested development—still living back in her eighteenth year, dreaming adolescent dreams of the Prince Charming who will one day enter her life. I'm not Prince—hic!—excuse me—Charming. I'm just old Steve Barrett."

Janet was astonished. Not only had she never seen him in this vehement condition before, but she had never heard him so outspokenly critical of her. And there was just enough truth in what he said—in *vino veritas*—to start a sudden uneasiness in her.

Steve himself was being carried along by a free mental impetus that brought unexpected remarks to his lips. Finally he stumbled on down the hall muttering, "Just old Steve Barrett, caught in the spider web of life," and slammed his way into his room and closed the door.

Mrs. Stanley stared after him open-mouthed, completely dumfounded. Later, when Janet asked her, "Do you think I ought to divorce Steve?" she replied, "Divorce! Gracious, no. Divorce is unthinkable."

FOR a month, in spite of Mrs. Stanley's sermons, Steve tried to behave so terribly that she would weaken in her resolution to reform him and make him a suitable son-in-law. She bore her trials stoically.

"It seems," said Steve to Janet, "that as a failure I'm a failure."

"Maybe you'll grow up to the job," said Janet.

"Meanwhile," complained Steve, "I have to go around receiving felicitations from all sides on my happy marriage."

"You don't suppose I like it any better than you do, do you?" retorted Janet. "There are several boys who are quite peeved about it. And last night I met Herb Ainsworth at the Country Club—"

Steve gave her a sharp look but tried to make his voice sound casual:

"Oh, is Herb back?"

"Yes; and I danced with him and we went for a walk between dances, and he never tried to kiss me! This marriage of ours is going to queer me forever if we don't get out of it soon."

"Huh!" said Steve. "Maybe two or three girls aren't overpleased at my part in it."

"Well, why don't you step out with them and give mother something to talk about?"

"That's too tame."

What he had in mind, as being more effective, was building up a reputation with such friends and counselors of Mrs. Stanley as old Dr. Parks, to whom Steve said the next day when he encountered him on Main Street:

"Doctor, I want to speak to you about the matter of last night."

Dr. Parks looked puzzled.

"Last night?"

"Yes. Out at the Blue Bucket," said Steve, mentioning a notorious road house a few miles from Lakeside.

"You recognized me, didn't you, when you passed by in your car and we were backing out in my roadster last night—or, rather, early this morning?"

Dr. Parks was shocked.

"The Blue Bucket! You mean you and Janet were out there?"

"No, not Janet. That's just it. The less a wife knows about these things, the better."

Dr. Parks stared at him, stunned. Then he said coldly:

"I was home all last night. But what you tell me is too important for me to withhold from Janet and her mother. After all, my obligations are to them. I have none to you. Good day, sir!"

THAT afternoon Dr. Parks called on Mrs. Stanley, and after he departed she sent a telegram to Steve's father at the beach, telling him to come home at once and intimating why. Janet heard her dictating the message over the telephone, and informed Steve at once.

In the evening, when she met Steve surreptitiously around the

corner from the house, he said: "I talked to father long-distance and told him not to come home but to send your mother a reply by wire. Father's pretty amenable. He did as I said and wired her: 'I am grieved for your sake but not in the least surprised. Can do nothing. So do not expect me to return. I have long since washed my hands of Steve and his numerous affairs.'"

This was followed the next morning by Mrs. Stanley's discovery of an opened suitcase in Steve's bedroom and in it certain pieces of intimate feminine apparel which she lifted out and carried to Janet, demanding:

"Are these yours, dear?"

Janet shook her head.

"Never saw them before. They must be yours, mother."

"They are *not*," said Mrs. Stanley decisively. "I found them in Steve's room."

Janet buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, mother!"

"Don't take it too hard, dear." Mrs. Stanley put her hand on Janet's soft hair and stroked it. "I'll take charge of this situation. I understand how humiliating it is to you. I shall ask Steve to get out of my house tonight, bag and baggage."

Janet looked up eagerly.

"You mean—a separation?"

"No, no, not in the legal sense. I want time to think this over. And I find I shall be able to think much better without him on the premises."

About eleven o'clock Janet went off to the Country Club to play tennis with Mollie Paine. The tennis was more eventful than she expected, and at noon she called Steve on the telephone at his office and begged off from a luncheon date they had arranged.

"I don't want to come into town looking the way I do and feeling the way I do, because I stopped to look at an

Next week—

WHY I CAN BE HAPPY IN SPITE OF ALL

By

MARY PICKFORD

America's sweetheart frankly
discusses her broken romance

Also stories and articles by

G. K. Chesterton—Will Irwin—

Mabel McElliott Clarke—Frederick

L. Collins—Jay Franklin—and others

airplane over the tennis court today—right in the middle of play, of course—and Mollie drove one of her terrific overhands at me and it got me—where do you think?—right in the face. I have the most beautiful black eye you ever saw.”

“Wonderful!” said Steve. “Tell your mother I did it. With my fist.”

“Exactly. The same idea occurred to me. But I wanted to tell you about it first.”

As soon as Janet walked into her mother’s room she knew she had made a startling effect.

“Janet! What—what happened to your eye?” Janet was silent. “What happened, dear? It’s terrible.”

“Oh, I’d rather not talk about it, mother.”

Mrs. Stanley looked horrified.

“It’s Steve! The brute!”

Janet sank down on the edge of her mother’s bed and held a cold compress to her eye, nodding from time to time as her mother went on angrily, working herself up into a fury over the latest instance of Steve’s depravity. Finally she said:

“This is the last straw, Janet. To think that any man would dare strike a Stanley! Oh, what would your poor father’s feelings be if he were here now?” She paused a moment, wringing her hands, in front of Jonathan’s picture. “It’s simply unbelievable, outrageous!” She turned to the telephone abruptly. “I’m going to call Robert Hinchcliff, your father’s old lawyer, and have him come over to the house immediately. Infidelity, cruelty, inhuman treatment—you’ve got plenty of grounds, my dear.”

Janet caught her breath.

“Divorce! Oh, mother, you wouldn’t have me do *that*, would you? You don’t believe in divorce.”

Mrs. Stanley seized the telephone book savagely.

“I do in a case like this. This is an exception.”

By three o’clock Mr. Hinchcliff had drawn up the papers. At his suggestion Steve was called in and asked if he would contest the suit.

“No,” he said, and shrugged his shoulders.

“You couldn’t!” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, and eyed him vindictively. “And to think I approved of your marrying Janet. The only mistake I ever made. I must be getting old, losing my grip on things! It makes me perfectly furious. I don’t expect you to step foot in this house again!”

STEVE went back to his office and dismissed his stenographer for the rest of the afternoon. He wanted to be alone in the place, alone with his thoughts.

Poor old Hortense! A grand old soldier. It was a shame, in a way, to deceive her.

But she had had it coming to her. Steve hadn’t supposed that busting up a marriage could be such fun.

He waited for the telephone to ring, hoping to hear Janet’s voice again, if only to thank him satirically for what he had done for her.

After all, he had let himself be made a fool of for her! A ridiculous marriage—never the sort he had dreamed of—and a ridiculous divorce.

The telephone did not ring. At five o’clock he grabbed up his hat and drove to his own house, walking through rooms of sheeted furniture, climbed to his old bedroom, and opened the window to air it out. Maybe Janet would phone him here before he started out for dinner. But no call came.

Not until next evening did Janet make any effort to reach him.

There was a ring at his doorbell, and there she was in the dusk, laughing.

“I walked over to ask you to take me for a ride in your roadster. It’s a wonderful night, and I think we ought to celebrate. After all, a Stanley doesn’t get divorced every day!”

They rode out by the river road and then turned up a hill from which they could look down through the beginning faintness of moonlight at the bends in the stream. Janet was silent for a long while. When they stopped to light cigarettes on the hilltop, she was aware of the warm night breathing over the farms, the mature summer night when all the scents of the field seemed to have deepened to their richest content.

“IT was like knowing you all over again,” she said softly. A strange tight feeling clutched at her heart. Steve sat bareheaded, gazing into the distance. “It really was a rotten trick to let you in for,” she continued. “I’ve just begun to realize it. With all the gossip that goes on in a place like Lakeside. But you were such a good sport about it, Steve! That’s why I say it was like knowing you all over again—only knowing you as a new man, and”—her breath caught in her throat—“and I like the new man, Steve.”

He looked at her a fraction of a second.

“Let’s not get sentimental about it at this late date,” he said, and reached for the gear shift and moved it into low.

“Steve!”

She stopped him with her hand over his; then leaned back very suddenly.

He turned to look at her face closer. She was crying.

“Janet!” He leaned over her. “What’s the matter? What are you crying for now? When everything’s over!”

All at once her eyes shone through her tears.

“What do you suppose I’m crying for?” she demanded in a trembling tone. “I love you!”

Steve took her in his arms and found her lips for the first time meeting his as he had always wanted them to. A wave of happiness swept over him.

“Janet—darling, darling!”

They sat with their arms around each other for a long while, talking excitedly, and then not talking at all for long, blissful seconds at a time.

“You hit one nail on the head,” she confessed, “when you said that night what you did about my arrested development. I thought it was a deep dark secret.”

Steve laughed.

“It is, dear—just between you and me.”

Later he suddenly exclaimed: “What about the divorce action?”

“I stopped it yesterday,” said Janet, “before the papers were filed.” And she pulled his head down beside hers again. He continued to kiss her, and she encouraged him.

They had so much lost time to make up!

Then they discussed their plans for the future, including an immediate house of their own in a part of town remote from Mrs. Stanley, who was left entirely out of the scheme.

“But how *will* we handle mother?” inquired Janet. “She’ll at least want to come to visit us.”

“Let’s see,” said Steve, reflecting. “Isn’t there one day in the year that has something or other to do with mothers?”

“Sure. Mother’s Day.”

“Well, she can have that!”

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who was Leon Czolgosz?

2—Who originated the loganberry?

3—What is cannabin?

4—What is the oldest living thing on earth?

5—Who is the author of Looking Forward?

6—What is an edentate animal?

7—How old was Juliet in the play, Romeo and Juliet?

8—What is an enzyme?

9—What does the figure on the dome of the Capitol at Washington represent?

10—What is “the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street”?

11—What poet willed his wife his second-best bed?

12—Where is Popocatepetl?

13—Who wrote Dixie?

14—Which end of the Panama Canal is nearer San Francisco?

15—What man-eating fish is only a foot long?

16—Of what are panama hats made?

17—How many persons does it take, according to law, to create a riot?

18—What is meant by the saying, “Hobson’s choice”?

19—Where is Timbuktu?

20—Who wrote the hymn, O Little Town of Bethlehem?

(Answers will be found on page 28)

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NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

Am I

(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHEN a fighter makes good, newspapers always relate, "He is good to his mother." Many people laugh. The phrase has become a bromide.

The sports writers continually remind that Babe Ruth is my inspiration. But he isn't. He's my pal, and he has been my adviser. But my mother is my inspiration, my sweetheart, my manager, my all. Around her revolves all of my activities.

My tale is unusual, at least. Let me tell it to you.

The scene was Sportsman's Park, St. Louis; the occasion, the final game of the 1928 World's Series between the Yankees and Cardinals; the situation:

Ruth had just hit his third home run of the game, a tremendous performance in more ways than one. Only an inning or two before, he had warned the St. Louis fans by pantomime and word of mouth that he would hit three home runs before the day was done!

He now was pedaling his way around third base and so into the plate, while the stands rocked and roared. A moment later, the demonstration having settled down to a barely audible hum, Willie Sherdel, Cardinal left-hander at the time, took his place on the rubber, wound up—and I hit the first ball pitched for a home run into the right-field bleachers!

So much for Scene Number One.

Number Two was Wrigley Field, Chicago, during the third game of the 1932 World's Series between the Yankees and Cubs. Except for the change of date, opponent, and city, the situation was the same. Ruth, heckled by the Cubs from the bench, had pointed to the farthest section of the centerfield bleachers with his index finger to show what he meant to do. And then he did it!

Probably no gesture in all the history of baseball was the equal of this, and as he ambled around the bases in that peculiar sidling run of his, the place was a madhouse. It was Ruth's second home run of the game and his third of the series.

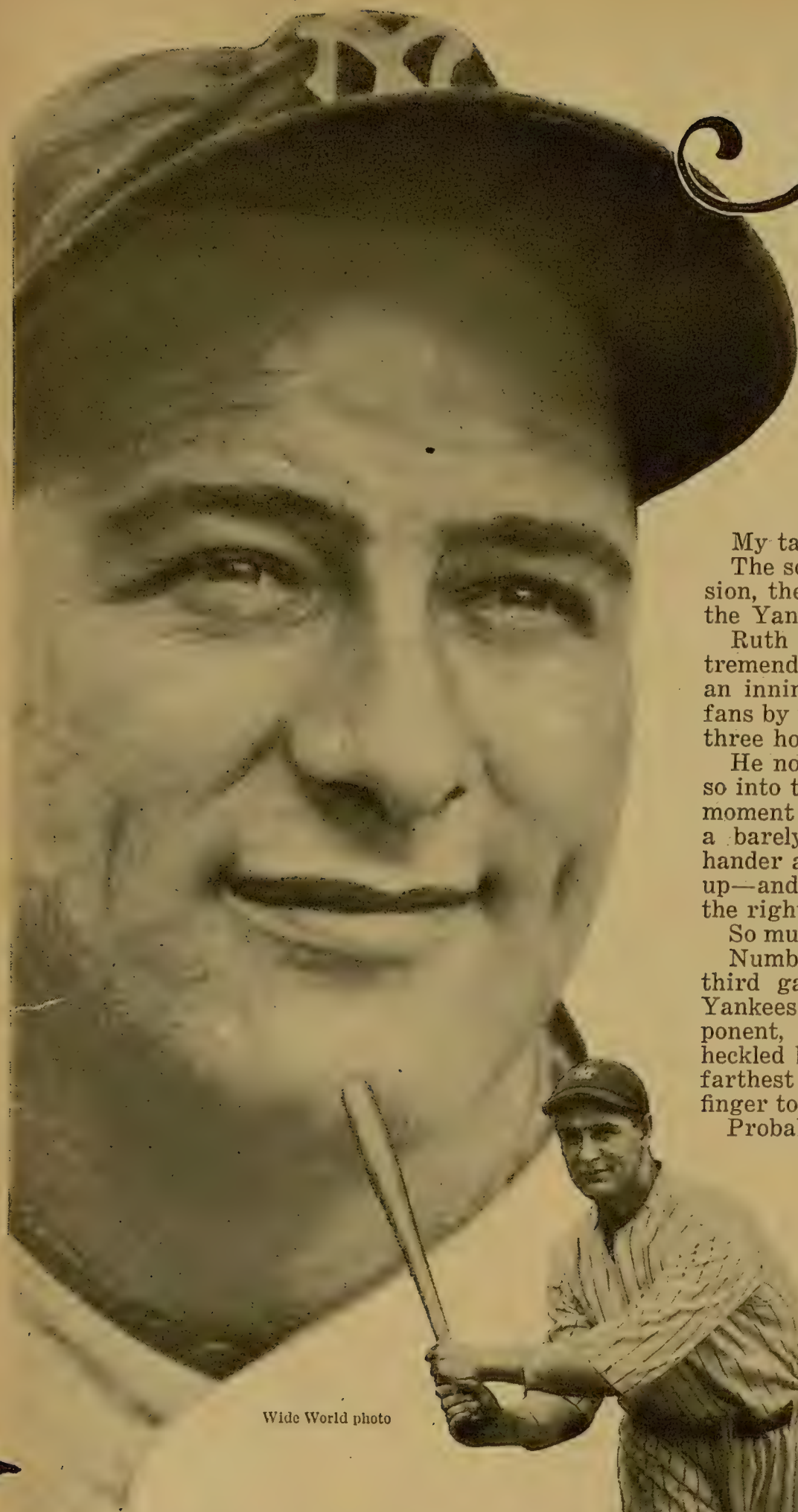
Finally everything settled down again. The Cubs went back to their positions, Charley Root resumed his place on the rubber, wound up—and I hit the first ball pitched for a home run into the right-field bleachers!

I was probably the most surprised man in the park on both occasions. I didn't swing hard. I wasn't trying to imitate Ruth, but merely to meet the ball, to get one safe. And I was secretly pleased when the reporters missed the remarkable coincidence of those two homers of mine, because they're always saying that Babe is my inspiration, my guiding spirit; that without him I might have been just another ball player, probably no worse than the average, certainly no better. And that's only partly true.

The Babe and I are not competitors—never have been. We haven't fought each other; we've fought together for the good of both and the ball club, so that when one hits a home run the other is able to say to himself with satisfaction:

"That's one for us."

The Babe himself outlined this idea in a talk we had six or seven years ago, when it became apparent that I had something



Wide World photo

The Yankees' Famous First Baseman Casts a New Light on His Relations with His Celebrated Team Mate and Batting Rival

Larruping Lou Gebrig of the firm of Babe Ruth & Co., otherwise the New York Yankees. This close-up shows him as he looks to pitchers.



P. & A. photo

Jealous of Babe Ruth?

of a career before me as a slugger. Anyhow, he came up to me one day and began to get confidential—something like this:

"Say, young fellow"—I was always "young fellow" to him in those days—"there's a lot of fun in this game, but the money's the thing we're after. It's over there"—pointing—"back of those fences. All we have to do is go get it! The more balls we hit over the wall, the more World's Series we'll figure in. That's where the money is. Suppose we forget each other and remember that."

I have never forgotten it and I'm morally certain that he still feels the same way, too. In any case, there never was a question of jealousy between us, even when I ran well ahead of him for most of the 1927 season. And I have no trace of the inferiority complex toward Ruth that the reporters love to talk about. I'm shy, yes. The late Miller Huggins used to say that I was diffident everywhere except up at the plate and out around first base, and that he wasn't even certain about me there either!

But I have a pretty definite idea of my value and I know I can hit a baseball very hard and very far. The point is that I do this in a pretty matter-of-fact way, whereas Ruth hits them with a flourish of drama that is instinctive, natural, and all his own. In other words, there is only one Babe Ruth, so why argue with facts? I might be jealous if he took the play away from me in runs driven in, since that's my baby. But otherwise it would be almost impossible to feel envy for a man who is as unselfish as Ruth. He's for everybody else. So why shouldn't we be for him?

I went to the High School of Commerce, playing baseball and football, and working through the summer months. In my fourth year I had several college scholarships offered to me but didn't give the matter a thought. After all, I wasn't going to college. I was going to work. So what good was a scholarship?

That was only another of my mistakes.

"You're to be a civil engineer," my mother said firmly. "I've always wanted that for you. Now you're going to have it."

That fall found me up at Columbia University, waiting on the table, trying to study, and playing a little baseball and football in between. For two years there I lived like a time clock. Up at six thirty in the morning and over to the dining hall to set the tables; busy as a fool there until eight fifty, when I dropped everything and hustled across the campus to classes. Then football or baseball in the late afternoon, depending on the season, after which I jumped out of my uniform, under a shower, into my clothes, and finally on to the street. The next stop was the dining hall again, where I was busy waiting on table and washing dishes until nine at night—when, outside of a few hours for study, I had the

By

LOU
GEHRIG

rest of the time to myself.

I guess I didn't have much time for study, in fact, but I was reasonably happy. That is, for a while. My father had lost a lot of time from work owing to illness, and we were having a tough time meeting our bills.

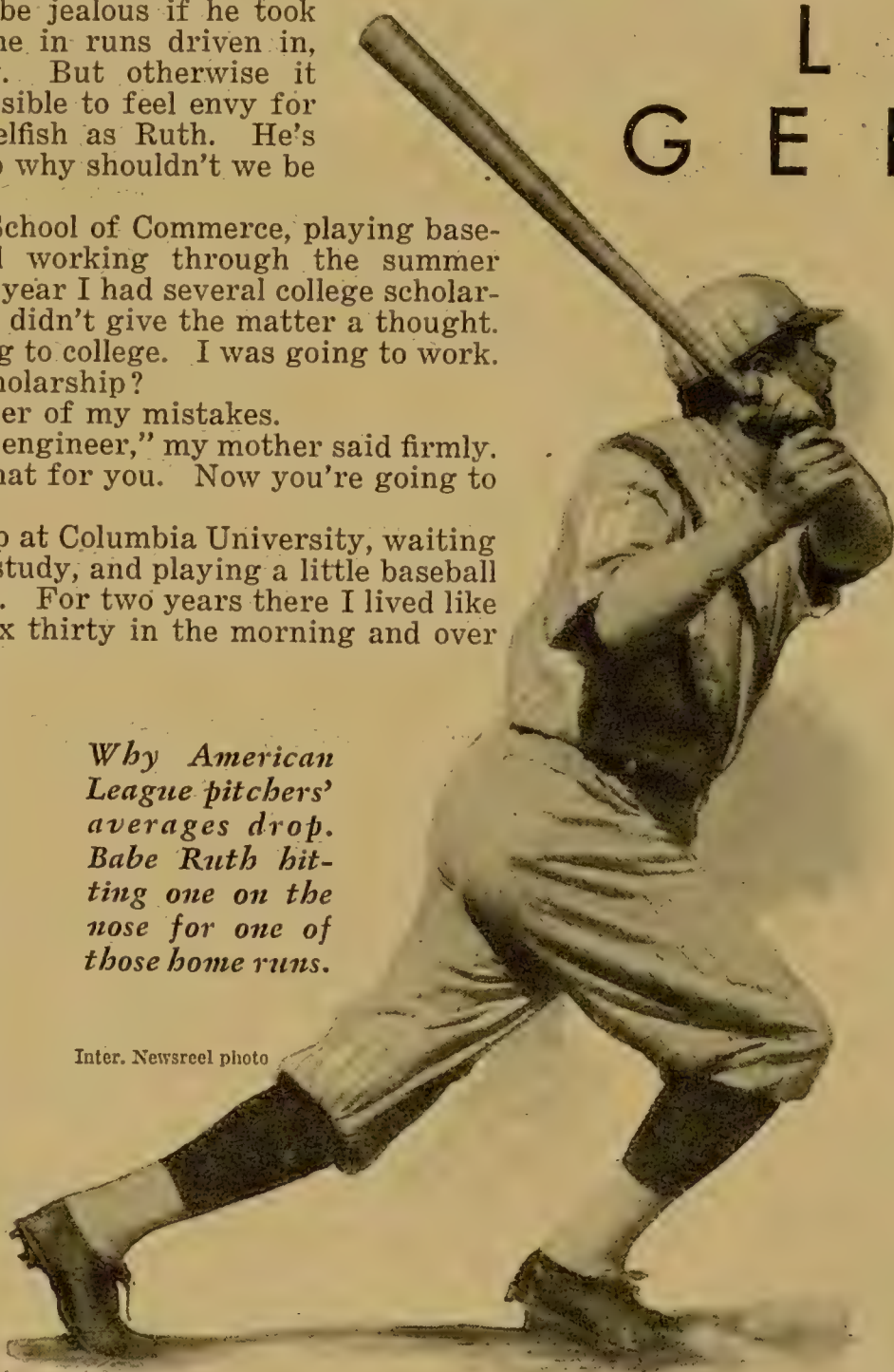
FINALLY my mother was taken ill with double pneumonia—and the bottom fell out of my college career! We were five months behind in the rent and I knew that something had to be done. I had received several major-league offers from the Yankees and Senators but had dismissed them. I was to be a civil engineer. But now I signed with the Yanks. Very well do I remember my introduction to Ruth. He always has the first locker near the door at the Yankee Stadium, and he was getting into his uniform when they brought me in and introduced us. I mumbled something.

"Hello, young fellow," he boomed in that hearty natural way of his. "Hope you like us. We ain't so bad and we ain't so good, but we strike a fair average. Hope you stick with us."

I was out with Hartford before the end of the season. But the die had been cast. Not only did I have a good year up there,

Why American League pitchers' averages drop. Babe Ruth hitting one on the nose for one of those home runs.

Inter. Newsreel photo



the fairness and friendliness of the ball field had
then into my blood and warmed my heart to it.

Fris Speaker had been a boyhood idol. And the first
time we passed each other on the diamond, he smiled and
nodded to me. I lived in a glow for days after that. Then
we went from Cleveland to Chicago.

"Hello, Columbia!" I looked up to find Eddie Collins,
himself a football and baseball man at Columbia in the
old days. We had a great visit together, talking it over.

I hung on through the following
season, and then came my chance
early in 1925 and I've never been
out of the line-up since. I was still
awed by Ruth and kept away from
him as much as possible. But he
seemed to like me and made a point
of talking to me on the bench be-
tween innings and sitting with me
on road trips, and after a while my
shyness wore off and I got to know
him for what he was and is. He's
just one of the boys, unaffected by
all the attention he's got and de-
manding no consideration that any
other player on the club doesn't re-
ceive.

By the time I had enough money
to go back to college it was too late.
I was part of baseball and baseball
was a very big part of me.

However, I went out that first
winter and got a job with the elec-
tric company—just in case! I was
still pretty awkward around first
base. I guess I am yet.

Off the ball grounds I'm just a
plain comfort-loving citizen who
likes to go to bed early and take life
at a slow pace. I smoke a little,
drink a little beer, like fishing and
ice skating, and just recently I've
begun to go for golf.

I'm no Good-Time Charley, in
other words.

The Babe himself found out in
time that it doesn't pay to be one,
and nowadays you never see him on
Broadway unless he is going to a
show or a fight or a hockey match.
Still, even though we didn't go out together in those early
days, we got to be lifelong friends—and those people
who say I always take the worst of it with Ruth just
don't understand how I feel about friendship.

I've been asked many times what pitchers are the
toughest for me to hit, and invariably I answer, "They're
all tough," because it's true. They wouldn't be up there
in the major leagues if they weren't good, and the best
you can hope to do against them is strike a fair average.

WHEN I broke into the regular line-up, Walter Johnson
was just about getting through. But you couldn't
prove it by what he showed me. He knew all the answers
by that time and his fast one was still a puff of wind as it
went by. Grove and Earnshaw and Ferrell and a lot of
others came on later, but I got one break out of it. I
never had to hit against Herb Pennock when he was at
the top. There was a left-hander. Boy, I salute him!
He had everything. So did Alexander, a tricky old bird
with perfect coordination and without nerves. You never
knew what he was going to do, and while you were still
trying to guess he did it!

I always thought that Tony Lazzeri hadn't been quite
ready for that last strike Alexander pitched to him, prac-
tically deciding the 1926 series in favor of the Cardinals.
The bases were filled, two were out, and it looked as
though we were due, particularly when Haines had to
leave the game with a torn finger nail. He turned the
pitching job over to Alexander.

He took plenty of time coming across the field from
the bull pen. Having stalled long enough to get Tony
anxious, Alexander changed his routine swiftly. Still

outwardly careless, he grabbed the ball and took his five
warm-up pitches as fast as O'Farrell, the catcher, could
get the ball back. Then, without a glance at anybody, he
began pitching to Lazzeri just as he always pitched, rap-
idly and with no attempt to steady himself. The effect he
always gave on the mound was of a pitcher working in
batting practice.

Finally the count got to three and two, and it seemed
that even the apparently indifferent Alexander must take

time, at a moment as critical as this,
to kind of stiffen himself for the
show-down. But he didn't. Just as
though it were a ten-cent ball game,
he took that quick little wind-up of
his and broke a low-curve ball down
around the knees, and Tony missed
it. We were one run behind at the
time and never caught up. I always
thought that maybe Tony was a little
surprised by the fact that the ball
had left Alexander's hand so soon.

ANYHOW, it stands to reason that
major-league pitchers are just as
good as the hitters or they wouldn't
be up there. Even that exhibition
of English cricketing we seemed to
be doing in the last World's Series
was hardly a normal outburst. Our
hitters just weren't that good and
the Cub pitchers just couldn't have
been that bad. I think they became
panicky when, after all their riding
and chattering, we just smiled qui-
etly and busted the next one.

Ruth began it. I might add that
he also finished it. But at the time
I don't think he meant anything in
particular, except that he was a
little burned up when he heard that
Mark Koenig, who had once been
with our club, had been cut in for
only a half share of the receipts
by the Cubs. He had joined the club
late in the season, true enough, but
even so, he had practically won the
pennant for them.

So, without thinking much about
anything, Ruth cupped his hands
and hollered at Koenig from the bench during the practice
before the first game:

"Hey, Mark! You'd better get four for four today or
they'll cut you to a quarter share."

By "four for four" he meant a perfect average at the
plate, with four hits in four times up. If the Cubs had
let that ride, the matter would have been dropped. But
they opened up on the Babe with a storm of abuse which
got pretty personal as the series wore on, and I guess we
weren't so far behind. However, we kept our mind on
our business and maybe the Cubs didn't—or else you can
say that we can take it and the Cubs can't. They played
like a high-school team in that first game, making mis-
takes I didn't think were possible on a major-league field.

The funny thing was that the worse they got the louder
they chattered, which made them a little comical. Ruth
was "yellow," he was "a big dog," etc., and all the time
he was handling their pitchers as though they were a lot
of cricket bowlers.

We won the first two games in a romp and then headed
for Chicago, with the Yanks still hitting and the Cubs
still yelping. They must have felt pretty good about get-
ting home, because they opened up from the bench with a
tirade that made their New York performance seem pale
by comparison.

When Ruth came to bat in one of the early innings, they
were all set to give him a blast that would blow his ears
back. The big fellow glanced over at them casually, and
then, just as though it didn't really matter after all, he
pointed to the farthest point of the outfield fence in dead
centerfield and said:

"That's where I'm going to hit it this time."



The jumbled letters at the bottom
of the picture form a real word when
put together in the proper order. A
clue to the word will be found in the
conversation of the boys in the pic-
ture. The unjumbled word will be
found on page 45.

The Cubs howled in derision and their coach stood up in front of the dugout to lead the jeers. Charley Root, the pitcher, then burned one across for a strike and Ruth "took it." That is, he didn't swing. It looked like a good ball to hit, but apparently that wasn't his plan.

As the umpire called the strike, the Cubs leaped up in a frenzy. But all Ruth did was to solemnly raise one finger as though he were keeping score for them. A few moments later Root got another one across and the Cubs went crazy again. But the Babe didn't even glance at the ball as it went by. He just kept his position at the plate with his legs spread a little, took his left hand off the bat, and raised two fingers. Then he nodded significantly toward the centerfield bleachers.

The rest is history. Everybody knows that on the next ball pitched he hit one on a line right where he said he would. He had done the unbelievable. He had called his shot with an almost impossible home run into an almost impossible spot. That finished the Cubs. They didn't even lift their heads when I hit the next ball pitched for a home run that nipped the cord on the flagpole in rightfield as it went by. In fact, I doubt whether my hit attracted much attention anywhere, and for reasons cited early in this story, I'm glad it was so.

WHEN we got back to New York we found the town hailing us as "the greatest of all Yankee teams." All I can say to that is we are better than some people seem to think and not so good as the 1927 club, which to my mind was far and away the best club I've seen since I first began watching baseball.

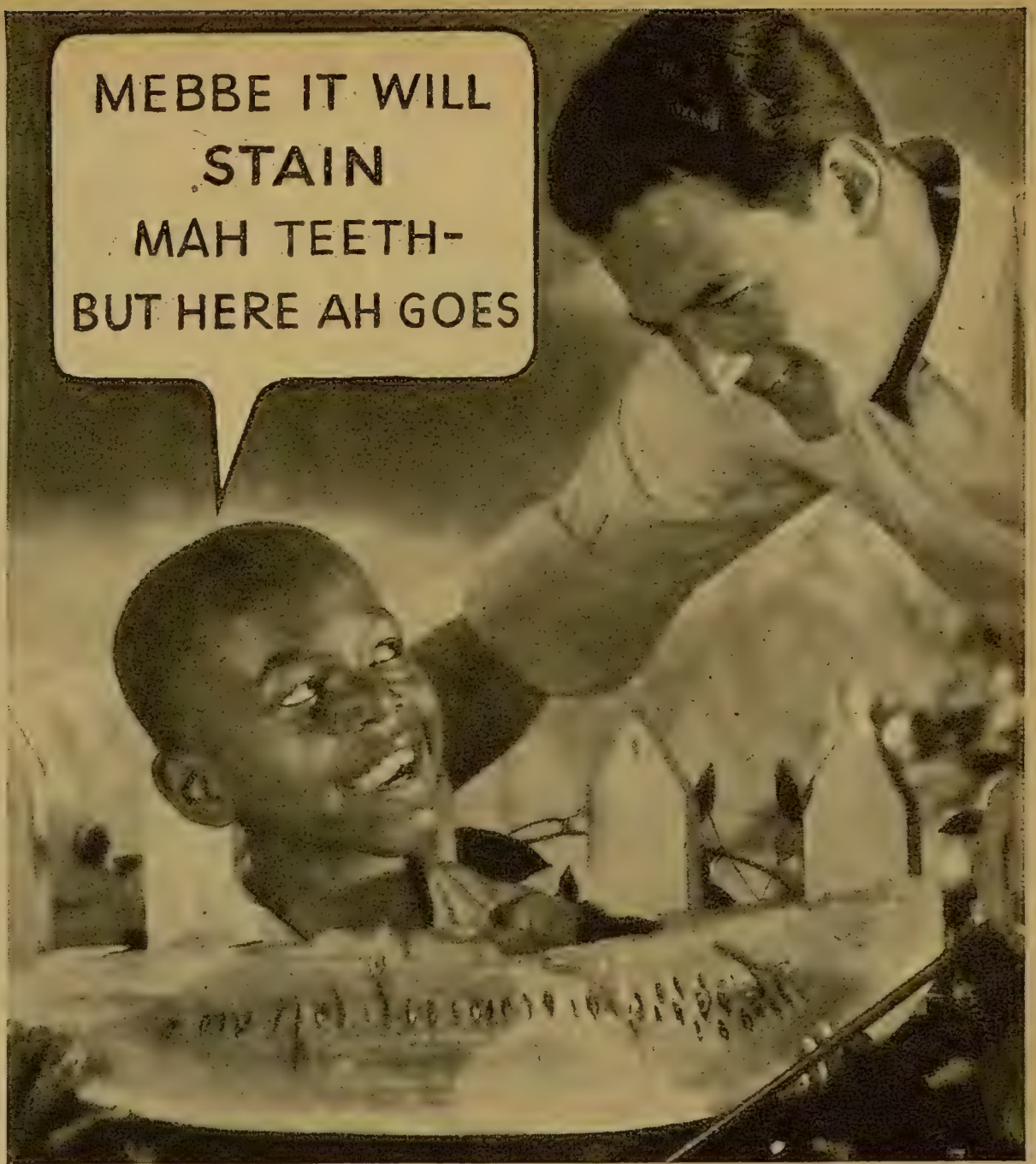
When my number is up I'll even manage a club in the minor leagues just to stay in the game, but I don't intend to go to the minors as a player. It wouldn't be enjoyable and I'd only be taking another man's job that I don't need. For the depression didn't get me, as it got so many of my friends, and I'm financially safe now.

So life with the Gehrigs is a pretty fine thing, perhaps a little dull for some tastes, but perfect for a family that asks only to live amiably, quietly, and with contentment. Maybe we're missing something, but I can't help thinking that people who see life as though from a train window must be missing something too. They're going too fast to get anything but a fleeting glimpse of what it's all about.

I'm not rich in the accepted sense of the word, but what millionaire can buy my serenity? What king can live exactly as he wishes, with an obligation to nothing except his conscience? In fact, I have yet to meet the man who can look backward over his shoulder as he passes his thirtieth birthday and say, as I do:

"It's all been worth while."

THE END



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— *Colgate's removes all seven*

"GO RIGHT ahead, Sambo! Sink those Ivories in that luscious watermelon.

"Sure it'll stain your teeth, Sambo. But so does *everything* else you eat—and drink! All told, your three-meals-a-day leave 7 different kinds of stains on your teeth.

"But *you* should worry! For Colgate's removes all 7 stains—leaving your teeth beautifully clean—a pleasure to behold."

And that's where Colgate's has a big edge on other toothpastes. Colgate's removes *all 7 stains*.

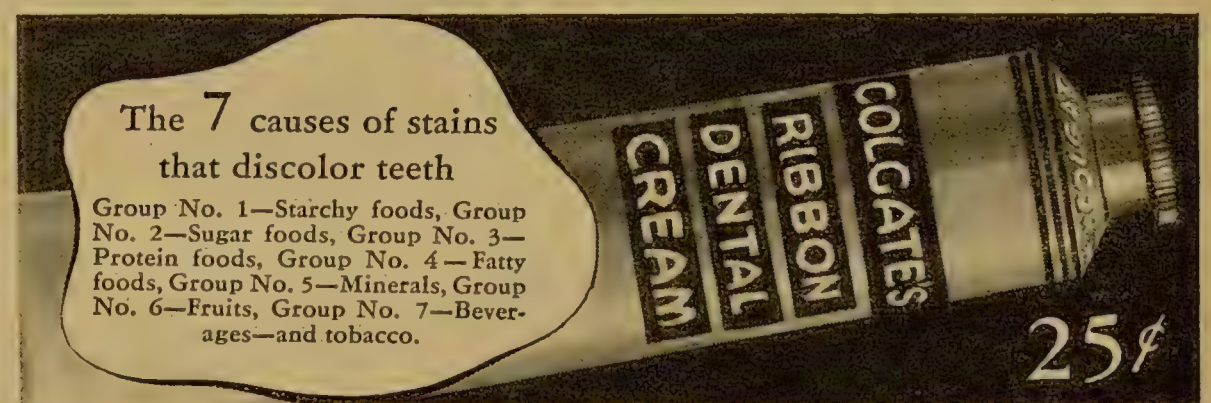
Know why? Because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions where most toothpastes

have only *one*. And oh! how those teeth of yours need BOTH actions.

For all stains will not yield to *one*—and if you don't remove them all, they gradually build up, dulling your teeth, clouding their natural brilliance.

So get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and try it. The *emulsive* action will dissolve and wash away some of the stains that food and drink leave on your teeth. The safe, gentle *polishing* action will remove the stains that are left.

At the end of 10 days, look in the mirror—and see the best-looking teeth you've ever owned.





LOOSE TIGER

(Reading time:
26 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE little Dutch island of Kali has her deep dark spots. She lies on the Line, east of Java Head, is approximately round and little more than a hundred miles across from east to west, yet she has her caves and roaring jungles, uncut save by animal paths; her serpents and orchids of fatal beauty; natives who mourn as a reason for being, who moan in unison and call it singing; she has her tigers, even—

"Kali is small," repeated the Dutch resident at the port of Alembong, "small but very compact and complete. Yes, there are tigers. Not many, but several families, one ranging forth from the great caves toward which your party is setting out. Two years ago I made a journey to the caves. (You see we nourish from time to time our contact with the deeper-in native bands.) It was the last hour's march, a minute of full sunlight, an instant worth the effort of the whole expedition to me—the glimpse of a superb tiger specimen, a female at the height of her powers; also a later glimpse of the same beast in the leafy shadow of one of the cave mouths. I could have put a ball in her eye, so close she was the second time, but she vanished before I could get a camera in focus. Others of my company reported her easier to kill than to photograph."

"You weren't hunting, then?" remarked Beaumont, one of the two English sportsmen stopping over at the resident's house.

"It is not the same in Kali as in

The Story of a Fighting Heart

India," Mynheer Ossinger explained. "Our natives have reported no man-eaters nor molesters of cattle among the great cats of the island—"

"A fine big individual—you saw her twice?"

"At least two inches higher at the shoulder than

any Bengali male I have ever seen in confinement."

The resident apparently did not note the look of incredulity on Beaumont's face, but Seldes, who was more familiar with that leathery layout, did not miss it, nor his friend's abrupt change of manner as he idly remarked, "Killing, as we said, isn't our aim here, mynheer, but we would like a specimen or two. Cubs of such a female as you describe would be especially valuable from our point of view. We're out to get one or two alive, and, what's harder still, get them home alive."

"Cubs, oh, yes. We did see her kittens, though as it happened none of our party ever glimpsed the male tiger during our stay at the caves. But the madame herself—I confess those two glimpses of her have made me want to go in again. The attraction is cumulative—two years now, and still calling. . . . Cubs, quite right. But to have you bring out the mother in captivity from her habitat in the caves would be to me like taking down the most prized painting of the catalogue from one's favorite gallery. I have reason to know that the natives would feel the same. Kali is small, but so compact, so complete—"

"Natives liable to give us trouble anywhere?" asked Beaumont.



The light came on again. The great head was but two yards away now; the tigress had stopped.

Illustration by
CHARLES DE FEO



"Not in the least, unless you should ruthlessly give affront to their tutelary gods. Of course, attending to your own affairs would never accomplish that."

Mynheer Ossinger laughed innocently. Seldes had always heard that the Dutch were past finding out, yet as it happened he had ears to hear this talk that day—sentences of which he did not forget for many days, and some of them for good reason. The resident's offices were decorated with stills from the interior of the island that anyone would be proud of. Seldes, who was cameraman for the expedition, was particularly anxious to get some motion pictures of the trip. The resident's regret in not getting a picture of the tigress appealed to him. Also the part about her attraction being cumulative.

Stifling Alembong lay behind. With the dying down of the sound of the sea the white men had lost all sense of the outer world. Little Kali might have been a continent; certainly she was a treasure chest, deeper and more fascinating compartments opening up with every passing hour. They stopped at intervals to set up their camera.

"All day I've felt a sort of push from behind," re-

marked Seldes as they moved single file ahead of their carriers.

"It isn't a push from behind; it's a pull from the deep bush ahead, old campaigner," laughed Beaumont. "The more I think about that big she-cat the resident tells about, the earlier I wake up each morning, bridleing to go. But that doesn't mean I'm falling for Ossinger's idea of her. 'Two inches higher at the shoulder than any Bengali male—' I've got to see a female like that—close up!"

"Oh, absolutely," grimaced Seldes, with a sidewise glance at his friend. The look on Beaumont's lean, intense face told him that his friend was already high-fire on the project in hand. Ever since they had heard,

By P A U L A N N I X T E R

in Java, of Kali and her tiger jungles, Beaumont had been looking forward to getting some real pictures and netting a specimen or two. Seldes had a feeling that Beaumont hadn't taken the resident's words seriously enough. To him that Dutch master at Alem-bong was no fool. He had thought of him repeatedly during the march, and of his fine collection of photographs. Just now he had a feeling that in spite of all warning Beaumont was planning the capture of the big tigress, but he didn't voice it.



Decorations by
FRED HAMILTON

Hill country had ended in a down slope to a green-black wall of jungle, a well nigh impenetrable sea of bush that choked a valley which appeared to be about a mile in width. Here winding animal paths continued where the man paths ended, creepers stretching out to meet their feet where they made camp toward dusk. Typical tiger country, as Beaumont pointed out. Under the canopy of the overarching trees it was stifling hot, even at that hour.

Afar in the bush the *te-te-goh*, shy bird of the two twilights, sounded its brief and lovely vesper to the dying day. Then the quick dark of the tropics descended with little or no preliminary dusk. The silence from the side of the hills became heavy, but the sounds from the green tangle awoke. A wild dog started to yelp with the rising of the moon. He stayed in one place and let it out of him—sharp curving blades of sound from a case-hardened gullet:

"*Aourck—ourck—urk—urk!*"

"Now if it were lions we were out after, it wouldn't be so hard to tell if we were getting hot," Beaumont remarked. "Lions let you know on a night like this." The words carried authority from their African days.

They sat on for a time, gazing into the dark while the silence perfected around them. One of the strangest things they had observed so far about the Kali jungle was those sudden instantaneous silences in the heart of night, as if the orchestra leader of the whole works put down his stick all at once, and everything from crickets to carnivora went into breathless silence.

"YOU know," Beaumont went on, "the only thing I'm afraid of is that the tigress won't turn out like Ossinger said. We'll probably find her poddy and draggled from cub-bearing, and not worth bothering with—"

Seldes started. "You don't mean you're planning to make a try for the old girl herself—in spite of all the mynheer took pains to plant?"

"I'm not so sure," muttered Beaumont. "There's no law to stop us."

"There are the natives' tutelary gods. Undoubtedly the tigress belongs to that hallowed throng—"

"Rubbish! I'll admit there's a lot that's queer, though. The part about her not being a man-eater, for instance. I can't quite credit that—"

"Tush, tush, a mere technicality, dear chap. We know she'll kill 'em; who cares whether she eats 'em? However, let us step on no tutelaries' toes, I beg of you."

"Oh, don't rot."

The heart of noon; an unearthly stillness as they neared the caves. The jungle was close and spectral, this midday hiatus more silent than midnight. The white men had pressed on ahead of the pack-laden natives that afternoon, when Beaumont, walking slightly ahead, swept back a hand in a sudden gesture to halt. At the same time Seldes thought he heard a gasp from the other. Then his eye caught a splendid flash of gold across an area of sunlight ahead. A great creature had leaped across an open space lightly as a blown flame and disappeared in

a patch of leafy shadow, radiating gold against the jungle green. A low exultant laugh from Beaumont. "The madame herself! Did you catch her? I never saw a chunkier head. You'd have trouble poking that head into an apple barrel!"

"D'you suppose that's really the big she the resident was talking about?"

"She's the one I'm talking about," said Beaumont. "I'm getting to like this little island."

Missing the chance to photograph the tigress left Seldes a bit depressed, yet he doubted if any camera could have actually caught that single instant of living gold radiating against the green—gold with jewel dust in it; nor that stride of hers, the incorrigible power of her feathery leap, the crawl of her hind leg that burst into the spring.

"Not man-shy, nor gun-shy," Beaumont enthused, his gray eyes incandescent. "Never been hunted, even by blowguns—that's evident. Can you see the sensation she'd make in one of the big cat yards back home?"

BUT Seldes was hearing again the gently impressive tones of the resident, recalling his curious simile of the best picture in one's favorite gallery. "Easier to kill than to photograph—" Then he fell to listening to the murmuring of the natives who had come up—most of their packs lowered now, their empty hands touching or reaching for one another. Silent and utterly obedient they had been, yet Seldes had the distinct feeling that this hunting and picture-taking in the tigress's domain was an act of violation to them.

They had come to the caves; heat incredible, footing soggy and uncertain, a float of cane everywhere thinly shading the thick-leaved *palintheum* with its piggy smell that one didn't get used to. After hours of absorbed study from the outside, the white men came to regard the caves of Kali as one vast disintegrating rock, the main portion submerged like an iceberg. The huge rounded top protruding from a deep hollow of the jungle was likely below sea level. Strata of hard stone with soft layers between characterized the formation. The breaking down of the softer levels and their washing out by the floods of the rainy season had left a series of low-ceiled open areas, pillars and partitions formed by the more resisting or more protected portions of rock. Some untraceable drainage system kept the caverns free from standing water.

"A hall gone crazy with pillars," said Beaumont on their first examination, sending in the ray of an electric flash lamp. Scent of the lairs within, foul as a decayed tooth in places, hung about the apertures.

Just then, far to the right, at a curve of the great rock, a rangy tiger cub, slim-flanked as a calf, showed itself a second and disappeared. The two men moved to the point where it had entered and found a dropped bone with torn tendons hanging.

"Less than two years old, I'd say," from Beaumont. "A good age to handle—well past the kitten stage, and able to stand a long voyage."

Two days proved that at least three of these cubs laired in the caves. The youngest looked to be less than a year old, just beginning to stretch out, still fuzzy-coated and bunched-legged. The white men had set up their camera in a great tree that commanded a view of the cave mouths, well camouflaged behind a screen of leaves, and there they watched and waited for hours each day. They photographed the cubs going and coming, but no further glimpse was had of the mother cat during six whole days, though there was the endless thrill of her huge pugs in the soft soil every morning.

"It would take twenty natives to tote back to the sea a beast that leaves dinner-plate prints like that," said Seldes.

"Don't worry, Mr. Killjoy. We've got the men," said Beaumont. "And we've picked a perfect setting here, in case you haven't registered the fact. It's loose tiger—vast, uncaged, and howling—we're photographing here, my son, and not a chance in the world for the movie public back home to doubt it, against the background of these caves. They've got to know they're loose and ravening; that's what they pay for, and no amount of animal shots in ordinary jungle will quite convince them now. They've been had by Hollywood too often, but even Hollywood couldn't fake these caves."

Seldes' hope waned through the long wait, but Beaumont always insisted quietly that if they waited long enough they would one day catch the madame in the act of making her prints in the soil, and this faith held in spite of the fact that tigers work at night.

"We'll get her picture, and get her too, if we're patient," he said. "And we're not to hurt a hair of her golden-banded hide. She's had time to have been bred again since that smallest youngster of hers was cubbed. But with or without that, she's a gold mine to us."

THEIR camp had been made on slightly higher ground, a distance back from the cave mouths. Increasing familiarity with the entrances gave the white men a sense of unpleasantness rather than assurance. Each day they had ventured in a little way. There was no end to it, and sudden slid drops from one level to another made it nerve-racking in the extreme. One's voice went crazy within; there were positions where one could stand and send a whisper across a gallery of pillars; others where a shout was hammered into a tongueless mouthing that fell inert.

The days became increasingly absorbing. Beaumont had set the natives to constructing cages, fitting heavy bamboo bars to the tough aluminum plates that formed the floors and frames. Several great rope nets had been brought in the dunnage, and now three pitfall traps were dug. The first fall was scarcely ready, the new hempen net hardly softened, when a yowling young male cat was taken for keeps—the first prize of the expedition. The youngster was left where he was until daybreak, though his cries and struggles kept the camp awake. In the earliest light, Seldes, standing above the trap, was the first to notice a vague print of the mother's pads on the hard-packed turf surrounding.

"I say, how could she have come in so close with natives on watch every minute?"

No answer to that, but they decided at once to make use of the squalling captive the next night. The youngster in a new cage was placed close to

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1

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2

'FRAID



3

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4

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another big pit which was lined with rope netting and craftily camouflaged with earth and leaves.

"If she comes in close again we may get her. However, there's something queer about her," Beaumont muttered. "She's all the resident said she was and more. But I'm not so sure the natives are playing their part."

Though the captive cub played his part noisily enough that night, the tigress apparently ranged afar. However, a second cub was taken near morning—a smaller one, a female. The baby's outcry started the first to wild complaining once more. Beaumont ordered the two cages placed slightly apart and the space of jungle between was mined like a harbor in wartime. When night fell, the captives opened up, ran their full gamut of cries, the white men and natives keeping well back. In the morning the tigress's tracks were found close to each cage, but somehow she had managed to avoid the best possible design of man for her fall.

"One up, to her," said Seldes. "She plays the game. One can't help seeing her side—"

"That would be popular with the natives I fancy," said Beaumont. "I can't altogether make them out. They obey orders, yet I've an idea it's a life-and-death matter to them that the tigress remain free—"

"Enter, a tutelary god," said Seldes.

"Quite possible. However, we can't be licked. We'll get her and get her good—"

The answer on Seldes' lips was that Mynheer Ossinger was the one who couldn't be licked on his home lot—but he didn't let it out.

The tenth day, and still the tigress had not come within range of the camera. The seasonal rains were approaching, and Beaumont, chafing for action, took to exploring the caves. Seldes, as a matter of duty and loyalty, accompanied him.

"The beasts of prey refusing to come unto the Christians, the Christians go unto the beasts in their lair," quoth Seldes wryly. "Lead on. We shall soon know what's what and why among the man-eaters."

FROM two years' dangerous field experience in Africa, India, and Malaya, Seldes had to grant that Beaumont was unique among men. Those years had played subtle havoc with the older man's nerves, and rapidly grayed him about the temples. But suspense, hardship, and danger didn't wear Beaumont down; he became nerveless as a plaster cast when absorbed in the thrall of his hobby—the photographing and catching of wild animals. Seldes wasn't timid; crises in the big-game hunt had never found him wanting, but he sometimes wondered how much longer he'd be able to answer the unique requirements his friend expected of him.

Each time they penetrated the caves Seldes' imagination turned loose in harrowing forms, yet, at the same time, he had to admit a hangover fascination to return the next day. There is an exquisite sensation in bracing one's nerves against horrors of the dark, though the pleasure comes out in the sunlight afterward.

On the third morning, as they moved cautiously forward through one of the smaller side entrances, the faint light of the orifice dimming behind, an uncertain stir of sound reached them from ahead. Nerves, Seldes thought

—nerves, stench, heat, humidity, and plain old nerves. The sound from ahead might have come from the lips of an exhausted man turning over in his sleep.

Beaumont had halted, his hand reaching back; Seldes' hand going out instinctively to meet it. It was the flash lamp Beaumont was feeling for. The tube was exchanged. Dead white rays played momentarily upon pillars and partitions ahead, and Seldes knew an unpleasant foreboding that the artificial light was taking the power from his eyes to hold to the saving daylight of the aperture behind.

"Turn it off a second, so we can locate the way we came in," he whispered.

Beaumont laughed but complied. For a space they stood in helpless darkness. The cave mouth was indeed cut off from where they stood, but moving, a little horizontal bar of faint haze presently showed. It was like a

strip of moonlight, the rest black dark. Again they were aware of a stir of sound—farther in. Half paralyzed with tension Seldes' rioting imagination filled out the picture where eyes could not—no slim-flanked cub here, but the great greasy pads of the tigress herself on the water-worn stone, her mighty weight on soft settling cushions—

HIS hand groped forward to draw Beaumont back. Beaumont must have thought he was reaching for the flash light, for he let it go in the other's fingers and its crash upon the rock floor was like the shattering of a vital part of Seldes' body. He bent to grope for the instrument before the clatter ended, conscious that Beaumont was doing the same, conscious also of a low hiss in the air like the roar of a blown flame. An instant's brush with the other's body; then a stifled laugh from

Beaumont, like a man slipping off a ledge, a laugh sliced into silence—

"Where—where are you?" Seldes gasped.

No answer.

"Beaumont."

Not a sound.

Then Seldes' fingers closed upon the lamp, thumb to button. He shot it forward and a broken stream of light wavered forth, a vast effigy-like face fixed at the end of the ray—the madame herself, coming head-on in a crouching slide, her outbreath a venomous hiss, the intake a retching guttural. The light sputtered out. He shook the cylinder and it came on again, but weakly. The great head was but two yards away now; the tigress had stopped.

In the life of every man, and animal too, according to Oriental philosophy, there comes a grim hour of fate. It is the hour of kismet; and it strikes at a time when he is least expectant, least prepared. In that hour all he has garnered for good or evil is balanced against him, and usually it is his hour of death. But if the record does not ask it, he does not die, no matter what the odds against him.

In India Seldes had heard of this, and dubbed it fancy, as white men will, but it all whipped back to him now in that shutter-click of time and he knew it for truth. He saw and knew a thousand things in the mighty quiet of that second or two, with a mind that was swift and clear, yet functioning somewhere far aloof from the thing

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called Seldes. Power to move had left him; he could not speak; it was as if his vocal cords had been severed, yet he noticed things, had time to wonder—about the strange attitude of the natives, about what might be going on back of those livid eyes that mesmerized him.

The tension was terrible. Mentally he had given himself up, yet strangely he was not afraid. Merely numb, as, like one watching a specimen in a case, he noted how the thick flattened coils of the tigress's shoulders quivered and settled as for a spring, the black jowl slobbering a bit.

Immeasurable time seemed to pass.

Then, with a single silent rubbery undulation, the great beast rose upward, seemed to float past his shoulder, lightly as a ball of blown down. Her right flank grazed him in passing, a light yet solid blow that rocked him on his feet, and then she was gone without even the echo of a foot-fall.

Seldes wiped his moist forehead as a man in a daze. Then he heard Beaumont's call from somewhere ahead, and answering in a quiet voice, moved forward in the last feeble rays of the torch.

IT was much later, back in camp, when Seldes related his experience. Beaumont lay on a camp cot with a badly wrenched ankle. He had slid off a ledge in the dark just before the tiger appeared, and come to a stop on a lower level six or seven feet down.

"Yes," repeated Seldes in conclusion, "she was cornered, you see. She had to pass that hole you fell in. She could have struck me down like a feather, but she didn't want to attack. All she wanted was to get out, and I stood in her path. Her flank struck me a glancing blow as she went by—like a tap from a giant's hand it was—and she was gone."

"If you want to stick to that you can get by with me," smiled Beaumont in the fashion of one letting a sick man have his delusion. "There's not a tooth or claw mark on you."

"You don't believe that she hit me."

"From the look on your face as we came out of the cave I can believe anything—"

"I learned a lot in there," Seldes muttered, "and I've an idea she went through something similar—"

"Don't you mind that; she'll get over it—" began Beaumont facetiously, and stopped.

"You're flippant, Jack, but it's serious to me. I've an idea now just what the natives feel about her. I've an idea, too, that I shan't ever be afraid of anything again. And I'm putting this on record now: I'm definitely out of the hunt from now on. I can't curtail your actions here, but something of respect and gratitude came over me in there. It was like a sign. She and I are quits—*pax*."

For the next two days Seldes was as good as his word. He stuck to his

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era but took no part in Beaumont's activities. And in him was the half-superstitious conviction that the tigress would never be trapped.

Then came the night of plaintive singsong from the natives—as if women were singing, though no women were along. In the midst of that a muffled outcry and a piercing scream from one of the pit traps close to the cave mouths.

Then the voice of Beaumont, leading the way with a lantern.

"We've got her!" he yelled a minute later above the murmuring of native tongues.

The priceless one herself had been drawn from her den to the snare—into the pit with the third of her cubs.

Nearly all of the day that followed, the men worked getting the tigress into the bamboo cage that was to take her to the coast. Seldes watched the captive when the bars had closed upon her. Some mystery was in the tireless fashion she attracted the eye. She was all the resident had said, and more; sleek, gleaming, full-nourished, and still young. In every glide and gesture of her was unhurt power—a feline masterpiece, her coat glowing like some costly Oriental rug, the spidery bars of black marked laterally like fresh war paint across the broad cheeks and forehead. At times Seldes seemed to sink into the low feline flow of consciousness she dwelt in, and as the days passed he subtly shared a terrible process of fading and diminishment that seemed going on in the captive.

Also Seldes had time to marvel at the natives during those days in which the party prepared to return. Whatever they felt, they continued to obey, though outnumbering the white men five to one. Finally, on the third day after the capture, they set out for Alembong with the prizes—two cages, one huge—the queen in her shaded palanquin.

In the earliest gray of morning the day before the shore line was sighted from an inland hill, Seldes was awakened by Beaumont's hand on his shoulder. The latter had been on watch since midnight, none of the natives now being trusted for guard duty.

"I've something to show you," was all Beaumont said, and Seldes was up instantly, knowing it had to do with the tigress or the cubs.

Face pressed against the thick bars of green bamboo in the gray light, all seemed well with the mother as they approached. There she sat, head lifted as usual, somber, satanic.

SELDES had turned to the other cage when an instinct made him peer again, to discover low among the shadows three newly born, newly washed kittens against her side.

"Not a sound out of her," Beaumont said softly. "I was sitting less than twenty feet away, but I didn't know until daybreak. Three little beggars come and gone in the night—"

"Gone?" repeated Seldes.

"No saving them, when she feels this way about captivity," said Beaumont.

"But—there isn't a mark on them—"

"No, but those saber teeth of hers pierced them neatly somewhere in the spine or brain—"

"But how clean-combed they are!" Seldes muttered, swallowing. "I thought they were asleep."

Beaumont growled something and turned away.

Then Alembong and the Dutch resident to pass. Seldes seemed the only one concerned over that prospect. There was a day and a night to wait for the little island

steamer that was to take the tigress and young to Batavia for shipment north.

Seldes and Beaumont were sitting on the veranda of the little European hotel when they saw Mynheer Ossinger coming down. No change in the manner of the resident was observable, nor had he any remarks to make. He deigned a mere glance at the cubs, but his look through the bars at the mother was long and studious.

Early the next morning the ship rounded the island head and came to anchor just beyond the lazy lines of surf.

The two cages were lightered out to her at once, and lowered under her hatches. The decks were crowded as usual—Annamites, Cambodians, Siamese, Chinese. One had to hold the head high to breathe above the heavy human reek.

The shore line was darkly etched against the blue horizon, the waves opaline in the slanting morning light. The magic of the moment before sailing pressed Seldes below for his camera, and a minute or two afterward, standing at the landward rail again, Beaumont joined him, dark as an Arab under his helmet.

"She certainly has her deep spots, little old Kali, as the resident said," grinned Beaumont as Seldes focused his lens shoreward.

Just at that moment came a sudden yell from somewhere amidships: "Loose tiger!" An animal scream, almost human, sounded from below, then up through the central hatch, like the leap of a great tarpon—the tigress from the pit.

HALF a hundred human heads bobbed up from the deck and passageways—and dropped back with one united wail, as before fire or pestilence.

For a second the tigress stood reared upon the central hatch; then with a bound she passed within six feet of Seldes who had rushed to the passageway aft, across the deck cushioned with human flesh—taking the rear rail as if it were a land inclosure—sweeping overside in the vivid morning light.

The white men saw her rise from the purple water—the roll of white from her belly as she righted and struck out for the island's head.

The air dinned with the cries of the natives crushed and lacerated by the mighty pads in passing, and the cries of others over her escape. Out of a sort of silence Seldes' voice exulting:

"What a sight as she came up and went over! What a wind-up to our picture! And I got it all—even to her dive!"

Beaumont had turned, lips moving thickly; then he rushed below.

"Some native at the last moment," he said, returning five minutes later. "The cage shows tampering. I'll bet old Ossinger put them up to it!"

Seldes watched him staring at the receding strand and knew what was turning over in his mind: the chance of her making shore, and the still longer chance of his

making another try for her in the interior. However, Beaumont wasn't fool enough for that.

At Batavia next day the pictures were developed.

They were worth the entire trip to Seldes, but Beaumont gave them only one quick hard look. Even so, he was a good loser, and proved it with a white-lipped smile when word reached them that the great pugs of the tigress had been seen crossing the sandy beach toward the jungle beyond the town.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS

ON PAGE 16

1—An American anarchist, the assassin of President McKinley.

2—Judge J. H. Logan of Santa Cruz, California, in 1881.

3—A poisonous resin extracted from hemp, said to be the narcotic found in hashish.

4—The redwood trees of California.

5—President Roosevelt.

6—A toothless one, such as the sloth, the armadillo, and the anteater.

7—Not quite fourteen.

8—An organic product of living cells that accelerates chemical action; a soluble ferment.

9—Freedom.

10—The Bank of England.

11—Shakespeare.

12—In Mexico.

13—D. D. Emmett.

14—The end that has its outlet on the Caribbean Sea.

15—The piranha (piraya), sometimes called caribe.

16—Of young leaves of the jipijapa, native to Central and South America.

17—At least three.

18—A "choice" with no alternative; the thing offered or nothing.

19—In French West Africa, just south of the Sahara.

20—Phillips Brooks, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.

HAPPY DAYS

THE PROBLEM OF CHILDREN IN THE LIMELIGHT—COUNTRY LIFE AND ITS ADVANTAGES—A WHITE HOUSE AUTUMN RECIPE, AND A WORD OR TWO ON WOMAN DRIVERS



By
**ANNA
ROOSEVELT
DALL**

(Reading time: 4 minutes 27 seconds.)



I'VE been asked how I meet the problem of my children in the limelight. Photographers do snap them, and visitors pay special attention to them. I've decided that the best thing to do is to avoid any mention of this attention and to take it naturally, as it comes, allowing the children to believe that all other children go through the same expe-

riences. I do try to keep them from large gatherings which aren't strictly informal.

In Washington they play on the White House lawns and in the lovely public parks which dot the city. Too much supervision happens to be a problem for me; I want the children to have freedom to adventure; to have their own small difficulties and the chance to solve them without adult intervention. Of course I realize it is a great privilege for them to have the associations with the best in traditional America—the beauty and dignity of the White House, access to historical spots of interest, and association with vital men and women who will form a rich pattern in their memories. I

do find myself seeking advice from those more experienced and wiser than I, and have had to learn that while it is fairly easy to form a consistent policy in one's own mind, it is often necessary to adapt one's policy to ever-changing and unexpected circumstances and situations.

I THINK that most economists agree that we must to a large extent depopulate the cities, and that the back-to-the-farm movement must start in earnest. In connection with this so many of us think about the women and children and their particular destiny in this change of mode of living. While the women may have to endure some hardships at first, as many farms are run down or abandoned today, with cheaper electric rates as a decided possibility, women can look forward to the comforts of the city in the near future. Children are certainly better off in the country than in the crowded city streets.

I have heard that helpful friendliness is more apparent in small towns and cities than it is in the country. Is this

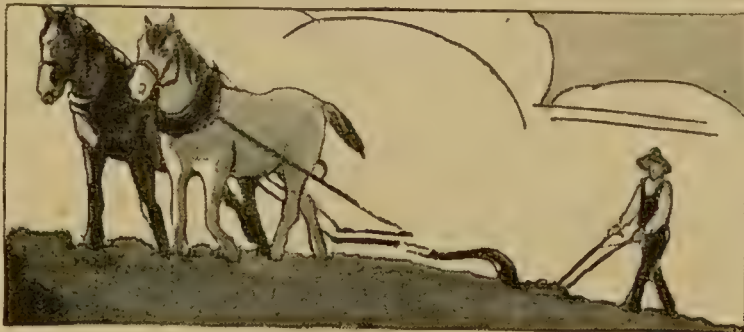
not due maybe to a certain shyness on the part of people who, living sometimes a mile or two from their nearest neighbor, may not have had the chance to acquire the facility for small talk and ease of manner which comes naturally to the city or small-town dweller?

We often hear people say that the young people of today, particularly, live at too high a tempo in the cities and that they maintain this same artificial speed when they spend vacations in the country. The boy or girl who

is brought up with fewer outside distractions naturally develops a greater number of inward resources which permit him to develop a balance in perspective between thoughtfulness and activity.

Here are a few more advantages to country life if you are seriously considering going back to the farm: The cost of living can be lower because of simplicity of clothes, the ability to produce a large proportion of one's daily food, and the generosity of nature with wild fruits and game in season. Communication developments, health centers, and improved country schools lessen the possibilities for emergencies, too.

MRS. HENRIETTA NESBITT, who presides over the White House domain, evidently feels the tang of autumn in the air and the resultant pangs of hunger, because the luncheon recipe she sent me this week sounds decidedly hale and hearty. It's from South Carolina, she says.



HOPPING JOHN

2 cups fresh cowpeas
 $\frac{1}{3}$ pound bacon
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rice
Salt and pepper

Set the bacon to boil in 2 quarts cold water. Let cook three quarters of an hour; add cowpeas and salt, and cook until

the peas are tender. Drain off the liquor and the bacon; set the peas to dry for a moment inside the oven, in a colander; then turn into a hot bowl and send to the table with bacon sliced on top.

Dried cowpeas may be used if the fresh ones are not available, but with less satisfactory results. With this serve the rice, which has been boiled separately about 20 minutes, drained, and dried.

MOST of the women I know drive cars as carefully and as expertly as the men members of their families, although they seldom get a chance to take the wheel when the men are among those present. Perhaps they are a little more petty on the road; maybe they won't keep to the right and sometimes they like to exercise the horn rather stridently.

Have you ever noticed that the drivers who inspire you with the most confidence are those who never take a chance and who drive smoothly at one rate of speed?

I always remember a story about some visiting Japanese gentlemen who had an appointment at a lecture hall in New York City.

Their hosts whisked them on the subway, into a surface car, and then into a taxicab. One of the guests at the end of the marathon asked, "Couldn't we have reached our destination by any one of those means?" The host replied, "Oh, yes, but we saved eight minutes." Whereupon the Oriental gentleman stoically remarked, "Now what shall we do with the eight minutes?"

Driving a car is apt to bring out the adolescent type of competitive feeling in all of us, I think. And the same man who carefully guides a woman across the street or gets up to give her his chair in a drawing-room will often hurl some epithet after the most innocent of woman drivers. I'm afraid that most men would say that the woman's place is in the back seat with a soundproof wind shield between her and the driver!



CONSTANCE Bennett, Lion E L Barrymore

All on a Hollywood Inve
War in Yodel-Land

By ROB



Constance Bennett, the "alley cat" of *Bed of Roses*.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ BED OF ROSES

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, Pert Kelton, Samuel Hinds. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

Constance Bennett at last lives up to her "glamorous" publicity! And the queer part of it is that she doesn't "glam" a bit. I've always thought that she played ladies like alley cats. In this picture she plays an alley cat like—an alley cat. A wicked, chiseling little alley cat but honest in her dishonesty. Externally cheap, vulgar, and unconscionable, but underneath basically decent. A fine example of the girl whose hard, cynical defiance of the moral code is a defensive mask to hide her better sentiments, of which she is ashamed—and afraid.

Lorry (Constance Bennett) and Minnie (Pert Kelton) are discharged from prison. They have only a few dollars and a yen for New Orleans. They board a steamer to "work" their way. They spot two clucks, Brown and Oglethorp, get them drunk, and rob them. Discovered, Connie jumps overboard rather than risk prison again. She is picked up by a cotton barge, Joel McCrea, skipper. In an argument, she pushes Joel overboard.

He clambers back, picks her up, and throws her in.



Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins, the patriarch and flapper of the picture, *The Stranger's Return*.

Arriving at New Orleans Connie steals sixty dollars from Joel, buys some dresses, and works the badger game on John Halliday, rich publisher. He sets her up in a swell apartment. Her "bed of roses." She returns to Joel with the sixty. They sit amid the cotton bales in the moonlight. He kisses her. "So that's what it's like!" she exclaims deliciously.

She decides to marry Joel. Frankly tells John. He convinces her she is an alley cat, unfair to Joel. She leaves John and gets job in department store. Joel finds her in a cheap room, tells her he knows everything, and—Minnie enters in time to bless them and announce that she has inherited the bed of roses.

A good story, bright dialogue, fine sets, beautiful photography, and intelligent direction. Everybody in it acts well, the four principals superbly. John Halliday was never so good; Joel McCrea enacts his best rôle, and Pert Kelton provides one of the most convincing and amusing characters of the screen. In some respects she out-West's Mae.

I regret that there aren't more stars to give.

★★★ THE STRANGER'S RETURN

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins, Franchot Tone, Stuart Erwin, Irene Hervey, Beulah Bondi, Grant Mitchell, Tad Alexander, Aileen Carlyle. Directed by King Vidor.

Lionel Barrymore, wearing a huge Mormon-elder muff, is the patriarchal owner of vast and profitable acres. He's a quarrelsome old crab, so disgusted with his inconsequential son and his host of grasping in-laws that he is more partial to Stuart Erwin, a half-stewed farm hand, than to his own kin.

Comes Miriam Hopkins, his divorced granddaughter, from New York. Oh, how the in-laws love her! Not. But Gramp does. Even her cigarettes and city ways.

Franchot Tone, young neighboring farmer, has a peach of a wife and a fine young boy. But when he meets Miriam! Imagine the scandal when the in-laws catch them in a clinch. Gramp even understands that.

Suspicious that his dear relatives are hoping he chokes so that they can inherit, Gramp tests 'em by feigning insanity. Just as he is about to be committed to the state insane asylum, he comes to, and before the whole caboodle, dictates a new will, leaving everything to Miriam. Then, to make the story easier, he ups and dies.

Franchot and Miriam? No, that would never do. So

OFF TH

By HARR

WHEN Thelma Todd arrived at the Glendale airport on her return from the East she was that surprised to find husband

Pat de Cicco there to meet her. Seems Pat didn't even know his wife was arriving until an enterprising news photographer tipped him off. Which explains the embarrassed expressions of the de Ciccios when the lens boys insisted on snapping them in a loving pose. However, Pat and Thelma are still denying divorce rumors.

There've been various romance rumors about Jack LaRue, new hero-menace, but for some reason no one has spotted the gal who is the real heart interest. She's brunette Marguerite Lucille, as raven-haired as Jack and she sings at the Hollywood Barn.

Maurice Chevalier says he will never sign another contract with any one studio for more than two consecutive pictures. And then

V I L M A Banky, and R O B E R T Benchley

of Love Triumphant,
the Front Page

WAGNER

Franchot sells his farm and moves away from temptation.

Not much plot. Straight narrative and characterization in which Lionel Barrymore gives a notable performance of a cantankerous old bird, wise and roughly humorous. The others of the cast are all fine, especially Miss Hopkins, Stuart Erwin, and Grant Mitchell. The dialogue is witty and the photography superb.

★★ THE REBEL

THE PLAYERS: Luis Trenker, Vilma Banky, Victor Varconi. Directed by Edwin H. Knopf and Luis Trenker.

With the most gorgeous scenery in the world at hand American producers stick close to Hollywood and studio sets. The Europeans are not afraid to get out and around where cameras belong. In this German-made picture the Tirolean Alps is the setting for a grand old melodrama of the Napoleonic wars. And such scenery! And action! Men fight and roll down tremendous slides. They build huge crates made of logs and filled with rocks, and from precipitous heights drop them down the mountain sides to crush whole companies of soldiers. Some of these shots make our big punches look like squib firecrackers.

Luis Trenker, that handsome brute who starred in *The Doomed Battalion*, is again the central character, besides having co-authored the story and co-directed the picture. Handsome Victor Varconi also takes part. But best of all you will again see Vilma Banky, that beautiful blonde "Hungarian Rhapsody." We ought to get her back. The effort of all the characters to speak good English adds delicious piquancy to the dialogue.

★★ HEADLINE SHOOTER

THE PLAYERS: William Gargan, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy, Jack LaRue, Gregory Ratoff, Wallace Ford, Robert Benchley, Betty Furness, Hobart Cavanaugh, June Brewster, Franklin Pangborn, Dorothy Burgess, Purnell Pratt, Henry B. Walthall, Mary MacLaren. Directed by Otto Brower.

To show the hectic activities of the newsreel cameraman, all the disasters of the past year have been run into this picture. Beginning gently with a bathing-beauty contest (we must get in the girl stuff!), William Gargan and his side kicks go from fires to floods to earthquakes. The Long Beach earthquake was too good to miss, so while the wreckers were at work pulling down walls, the studio got some swell shots.

Francis Dee is a sob-sister reporter. Bill Gargan falls hard for her in spite of the fact that she's engaged to

only after he has approved the scripts. He believes the long-term contract has murdered the career of many an actor by forcing him to play rôles he

SCREEN—
ARSONS—

didn't like. Maurice has split with Paramount, the company which introduced him to American films, and will make *The Merry Widow* for M.-G.-M.

Just can't keep up with Jean Harlow these days. For a time she was interested in Ray Hallor, as reported in this column. Then she was seen nightly in the company of Hal Rosson. And recently she stepped out with Jay Whidden, the popular orchestra leader with the broad smile. Which recalls the one-time rumored romance between Jean and Whidden. Judging from the moon-truck expression in the orchestra sheik's eyes there's still interest on at least one side.



Luis Trenker and beautiful Vilma Banky in *The Rebel*.

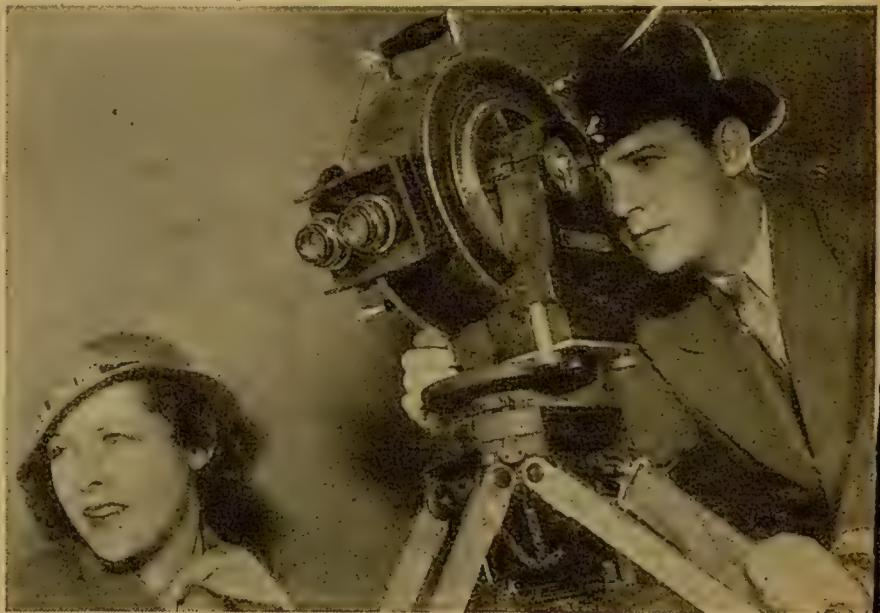
Ralph Bellamy, a Southern banker. She thinks she wants peace and security. But you know—in a pinch she's always the newspaper gal. So in the end Ralph beats it and permits the two news nuts to get together and muddle through their exciting lives together.

Gargan gives his usual good performance, but Frances Dee is the best thing in the show. Pretty as heck, and how that kid can act! All the smart parts—Jack LaRue (popular even in crime!), Wallace Ford, Gregory Ratoff, and Robert Benchley (very amusing)—are well done.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Bed of Roses*, *Dinner at Eight*, *Noah's Ark*, *The Warrior's Husband*, *Thunder Over Mexico*, *Nothing Ever Happens*, *Topaze*, *Rasputin and the Empress*, *42nd Street*, *Cavalcade*.

★★★—*The Stranger's Return*, *Pilgrimage*, *Good-bye Again*, *I Loved You Wednesday*, *Voltaire*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *The Silver Cord*, *Looking Forward*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *Never Give a Sucker a Break*, *The Barbarian*, *Reunion in Vienna*, *Zoo in Budapest*, *The Little Giant*, *A Bedtime Story*, *The Devil's Brother*, *Working Man*, *Hell Below*, *Picture Snatcher*, *Baby Face*, *The Masquerader*, *The White Sister*, *The Rome Express*, *King Kong*, *The Great Jasper*, *Be Mine Tonight*, *The Face in the Sky*, *State Fair*, *Luxury Liner*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *She Done Him Wrong*.



Headline Shooter portrays the life of a newsreel man. The photo shows Frances Dee and William Gargan.



Betty Aman, the American girl whom Charlie admired in Berlin.

(Reading time: 26 min. 50 secs.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

MY reason for ejecting Sari had had no personal animus behind it. My job was more often than not to keep things out of the newspapers. The trouble was that I hadn't Sari alone to battle. In no time at all she was back on the scene. I did the best I could in the circumstances. Tried to blush convincingly when envious reporters kidded me about her. Nevertheless I was glad when Chaplin suddenly announced his readiness to leave London for Berlin.

While Kono packed the trunks I got in touch with Fleet Street. Here was a harmless story for the press. By the time I had finished it was early afternoon. A thousand letters requiring Chaplin's attention had yet to be tackled.

Meanwhile Charlie was spending these last fleeting moments with Sari!

Alistair MacDonald now arrived. Had come to check up with me about Charlie's dinner engagement with his illustrious father the following night in the House of Commons. Took it for granted I knew all about it. Actually it was the first I had heard of it.

Here was a mess! To leave London under these conditions was unthinkable. Even a Chaplin doesn't flout a Prime Minister of England. On the other hand, there was Sari!

In the afternoon I had successfully spirited her out of the hotel through a back door—and then had escorted Charlie to his waiting car at the front entrance. Unfortunately—and characteristically—Charlie threw caution to the winds upon his return to the hotel. Drove up to the front entrance and solicitously helped Sari to alight! Arm in arm they strolled through the lobby.

What a time I had then with the grinning reporters!



Charlie dressed for boar hunting as guest of the Duke of Westminster in France.

By

CARLYLE R.
ROBINSON

THE PRIVATE Charlie

The Lady or the Premier?
Some Malicious

I lied faster than a nigger caught in a henhouse. Because I was so mad about Sari, I said, I had been chump enough to risk my job by falling for her final request—that I persuade my boss to take her for a ride in the park!

With this hurdle cleared, my next job was to straighten out that dinner engagement with the Prime Minister. Alistair was with Charlie as I entered his drawing-room. Charlie had already explained that matters of the most extreme urgency demanded his presence in Berlin in the morning. Alistair "quite understood." This was better than I had dared hope. All that Chaplin had to do now was get on the phone to 10, Downing Street, and explain the situation to the Prime Minister.

When I suggested this to Charlie, however, he shook his head. Even when Alistair offered to do the actual telephoning, Charlie still demurred. Insisted it would be more proper for him to express his regrets in writing.

But he never wrote that letter.

By this time there remained a bare half hour before our train was due to leave. And with Alistair gone Sari was once more in evidence. Charlie now began to express doubts about the advisability of leaving London just yet!

Once again I saw red. I ordered the girl to make herself scarce. Chaplin remained silent. She went.

Then I started on the star. Tried to make him realize what he was doing—snubbing the highest official of his own country! He made no effort to justify himself. Instead he said it was too cold to cross the Channel. He knew the excuse was thin. In another minute or two, I was confident, I'd have him back to earth.

But at this point young MacDonald returned—and in his wake came Sari! I threw up my hands, left the trio, and returned to the waiting reporters. With ten minutes left before train time I returned to the drawing-room. The sight that met my eyes dum-

LIFE OF Chaplin

Exit Sari, Enter "Mary"— Misrepresentations

founded me. There sat the three of them, eating dinner! When Charlie saw my face he smiled sheepishly.

"We all think it's too cold to stir out of doors tonight," he said.

"Besides," said Sari, "the crossing would be dreadful."

By this time the reporters knew something was wrong. I repeated Charlie's transparent excuse about its being too cold to travel. Told them of his dread of seasickness, of his fears that the Channel would be on its worst behavior tonight.

Immediately the ever alert Kathlyn Hayden was on the telephone to her newspaper office. In a minute or two she handed me a weather report. It read: "Weather cold. Crossing very rough. Snow in Berlin." I thanked her and—typed out another weather bulletin.

BACK to Charlie I hurried, and handed him the one of my own concoction. He read it to his companions: "Warmer tonight. Channel moderate. Berlin fair."

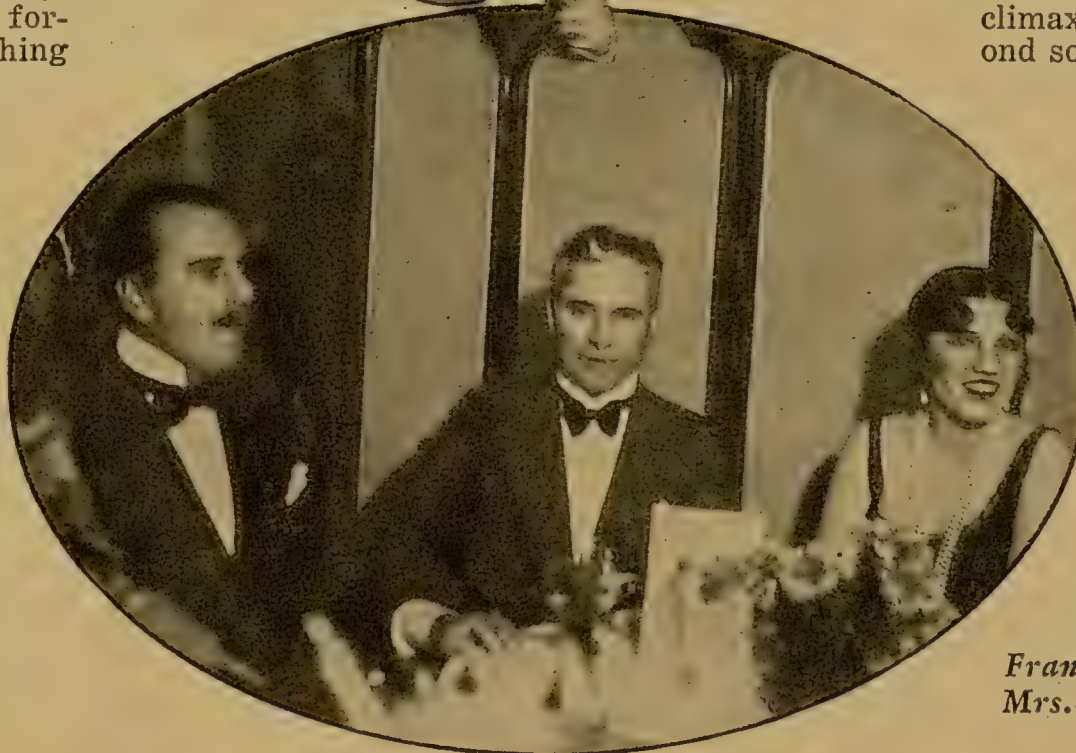
Already I had taken the precaution to telephone to the stationmaster at the Liverpool Street station and had his promise to hold the train fifteen minutes for us. It was as well, for now Charlie pleaded the lateness of the hour. It was impossible, he said, to catch the train. Telling him I'd get him aboard, I hustled him into an overcoat, jammed a cap down over his ears, and literally shoved him out of the room. An amazed young man and a furious young woman watched the performance dumbly.

The reporters surged forward. Chaplin had nothing to say. I hurried him away from them, my hand under his armpit as we ran down the stairs.

Over the span of ten years Berlin had come to know Chaplin. At the station a first-class riot met us. Marlene Dietrich was the first person to greet Charlie as he stepped from the train. He had met her when Josef von Sternberg had first brought her to Hollywood the year before. There was no chance of an exchange of



Charlie's half brother, Sidney Chaplin, with whom he had a reunion in Nice.



All photographs © Kathlyn Hayden

May Reeves, "the mysterious Mary," with the author, Carlyle Robinson.

words now, however. He was caught in the swirl of his admirers and borne down the station steps.

Need I say it did not take Charlie long to discover that Berlin abounded in dazzling Teutonic beauties? Of these, the one who fairly swept him off his feet was Lajana, today the toast of the Fatherland—a great artist; an interpretative dancer of the first order.

Thereafter he centered his attentions on Betty Aman, a lovely young American girl from San Francisco trying to win fame in German-made films.

A visit to police headquarters as the guest of the chief of police gave Chaplin a great thrill. A second treat was an afternoon at the Pergamon Museum, where he spent hours enthusing over the art objects. The painted bust of Queen Nefret-ity intrigued him especially. He declared he could easily fall in love with it. Longed to possess a copy, and was elated when he learned there was one in the museum at Munich. When he learned that the sculptor who had made that copy had just finished a second perfect one his joy knew no bounds. It now adorns the drawing-room of his Beverly Hills home.

An hour with members of the German Cabinet was the climax of this, Charlie's second sojourn in Berlin.

Vienna gave Chaplin the greatest welcome that he enjoyed during his European tour. From the moment he started to get out of the railway carriage until finally he found himself inside the Imperial Hotel his feet never touched the ground!

Again we found ourselves in the imperial suite. These rooms had been occupied by

Frank Gould, Charlie, and Mrs. Gould dining together.

no one since the fall of the monarchy. The thought awed Chaplin. It led him to change his plans. He had intended merely to stop over a few hours in Vienna and then go on to Budapest.

However, the imperial suite was not the only thing that caused him to change his mind. There was an even more potent reason for his remaining.

Need I say it was a lady?

In Jenny Rothstein, an accomplished pianist and a ravishing beauty, Chaplin found a most interesting friend. Within an hour of his meeting her he was enthusing about her future—on the concert platform in the United States. At the end of another hour he had lost all interest in Budapest. Didn't care if he never saw the place!

The second evening of our stay Chaplin had a look at a musical comedy as the guest of the theater management. During the *entr'acte* he went backstage. He was particularly keen to meet the star of the troupe, Irene Palasty. He had already admired her ability as an artist; now he saw she was gorgeously endowed with natural charm.

Later in the evening we were sitting at an inconspicuous table in a prominent café. Charlie had not been recognized. Then entered Irene on the arm of a husky fellow who, I speedily learned, was her husband. Chaplin decided it was best not to attempt to leave the place lest the actress see him.

Unhappily, at the end of an anxious half hour she did. Shrieked the news to the entire room. Rushed across the dance floor and fairly flung herself upon the much embarrassed Chaplin. His struggles to extricate himself were futile. The crowd looked on and applauded.

Eventually we managed to get out of the place. As we hurried along to the hotel Charlie cursed Budapest up hill and down dale. It seemed that Irene hailed from that city. If all Budapest ladies were as demonstrative as Frau Palasty, he growled, it was no place for him.

Vienna palled. Venice called. So off we went. The only one to whom Charlie said *auf wiedersehen* was Jenny the pianist. At the railway station I saw her on the outer edge of the crowd, gazing wistfully at him.

Venice gave Charlie another big reception but failed to interest him. Presently we were entrained for Paris.

BY this time we had become inured to those welcoming mobs. At least so I thought. But I didn't know my Paris! Before our train reached the city detectives boarded our carriage and told me of the very real danger attending Charlie's arrival. They urged that we leave the train before it pulled into the main station. Charlie refused to be alarmed and refused to leave the train.

Those French detectives had not been indulging in exaggerations. For minutes after the train came to a stop in the station we dared not budge out of our compartment. When we finally ventured forth, Charlie was hidden in the midst of twelve stalwart gendarmes. They in turn were surrounded by scores of brother policemen. Even so they could make hardly any progress through that throng.

Once I found my footing on the platform I was helpless. In the *mêlée* I socked a police lieutenant on the jaw. He had mistaken me for a mere hero worshiper and had beaten a tattoo with his baton on my back. When finally he saw me take my seat beside Chaplin in the waiting motor car, he drew himself up and saluted me. I didn't return the salute; I wanted to give him another sock!

Our stay in Paris would have been much shorter had not Charlie accepted the Duke of Westminster's invita-

tion to take part in a boar hunt. When he arrived at the duke's hunting box he was prepared for anything except a boar hunt—sartorially speaking. However, his host's valets provided him with a costume belonging to their master. As for the result—well, the duke was probably twice Charlie's size—in every direction!

The hunt over, back to Paris came Charlie, mentally weary and bodily sore. His horsemanship hadn't helped a bit. He was reconciled to the idea of eating his meals off the mantelpiece for days to come. So far as he was concerned boar hunts were a bore.

For several days Charlie kept to his bed, a masseur in constant attendance. At last he decided to move on. Nice was our next objective.

At Nice Charlie was to be the house guest of Frank Jay Gould. He had never laid eyes on this gentleman but had consented to the arrangement. From the outset it was obvious to me that Gould was primarily a business man. Before we left Paris he had tele-

graphed instructions to his press agent, one Boris Evelenoff. I could see that Chaplin's visit to the Gould home was to be commercialized. I wondered what Charlie would do when he awoke to this.

NICE turned out in droves to welcome Charlie. Hardly had we arrived unobtrusively at a rear entrance of the Hotel Majestic when Gould swooped down on the much embarrassed Chaplin, bundled him into a motor car, and paraded him through the main streets of Nice!

Gould controlled not only the Majestic: the Méditerranée Palace was also his. We were to sleep at the former, but the more lofty public rooms of the Palace were to be settings for Charlie's being placed on public exhibition.

The fact that the star would dine at the Palace that first night had been extensively advertised. His fellow diners paid through the nose for the privilege of getting so close to him. Besides the diners, a crowd of two to three thousand had places of vantage on the terraces—places paid for at a dollar a head.

It was in Nice that Charlie was reunited with his half brother. They had been separated for many years. During part of this time Sidney had been appearing in English-made films. Subsequently he had hied himself to Nice.

Whether Sidney tipped off Charlie to the way he was being exploited or whether Charlie discovered it for himself, I don't know. At any rate, only the charm and graciousness of Mrs. Gould prevented an open rupture between host and guest. Even so, most of the engagements which Gould had made for Charlie were canceled.

At the end of a week I found myself buried beneath the correspondence which flowed in with every post. It was necessary for me to have a secretary who knew German, Italian, and French. In my dilemma I turned to Sid. After his long residence in this melting pot of nations he might know of just the person I needed. He assured me that he did.

Thus entered the so-called "mysterious" May Reeves—incorrectly called Mary by the newspapers. May was a dashing brunette and a close friend of Sid's. It was at a baccarat table that I made her acquaintance, Sid acting as introducer.

"Here's your secretary," he announced. "She understands six languages perfectly."

It sounded all right to me, and I told the ravishing beauty to report in the morning at nine o'clock. She smilingly informed me that she would be on hand.

And so she was! To my further surprise—and delight—she plunged into the work of translating letters



Charlie backstage in Berlin. In the center is Irene Palasty.

with cool efficiency. She might look like a Riviera enchantress, but she was a worker. With her assistance we should go through that stack of letters in no time.

But now Charlie appeared. At sight of May he stopped short. I followed him into his part of the suite.

"Who is she?" he asked excitedly. "She's lovely! Does she tango?"

When I sounded her she told me she had won nine beauty contests in her native Czechoslovakia, and had captured prizes for ballroom dancing in Nice.

"My tango is my best," she added archly.

Although Miss Reeves had been working for me less than three hours I knew she was quite finished with mere secretarial duties. I explained that she was to knock off work and go home. Then she was to get into an evening dress and report back at six o'clock. She would then accompany Mr. Chaplin, Sid, and me to a quiet café.

She flashed a radiant smile on me and toddled off. Again she arrived on the stroke of the clock—a vision in pink. But Charlie had been waiting and fuming for a good fifteen minutes.

There was no need to introduce them. Chaplin burst into the room as though making a stage entrance.

"Well, well, well, well, doesn't she look lovely?" he raved, addressing no one in particular.

Next day, as I had anticipated, I was minus a secretary. Another queen was reigning!

I sat back and watched the show. The cast expanded. Of course Charlie and May were the principal actors. But Sid too had an important rôle, as did Minnie Chaplin, his wife. From my front-row seat it looked like a perfect set-up for a cracking good melodrama!

A tempest raged over May. From all sides thundered volleys of protest. Nobody, it seemed, approved of Charlie's new sweetheart—and he insisted on May's sharing with him all the fun that was going. To say that this infuriated the Goulds is to put it mildly.

Sid and Minnie were furious. Yet the more they scolded Charlie the higher his spirits rose.

To Charlie and his friend were opened even the doors of the grand Mrs. Wakefield's château—than which there was nothing than-whicher on the Riviera at the time. On that occasion Chaplin outdid himself as an impromptu entertainer. The gathering went mad over him. At the end of the performance he received from his hostess a diamond-studded watch.

PRESENTLY I detected signs that the Riviera was beginning to become accustomed to Charlie's presence. The novelty was wearing off. Mrs. Gould came to our suite one morning and presented Charlie with a most expensive set of diamond-and-platinum cuff links.

"We've loved to have you with us," she murmured.

Charlie decided to go to Algeria. The dazzling May was nowhere to be seen when we left Nice. This was according to plan. Once again the newspaper correspondents were watching Charlie's every move. His name had been coupled with that of "the mysterious Mary" much too frequently. So off we went, Sid accompanying us.

Not many days after our arrival at Algiers May appeared. Here, Sid and I had to admit, were no newspaper men. Charlie forgave Sid for his earlier disapproval. Back in the good graces of his half brother, Sid decided to become boss of the outfit. He started by pointing out that City Lights was not being properly distributed. Insisted that Charlie was not getting anywhere near as much money for certain territory as the film merited.

This resulted in my having to send many drastic orders to the New York office of the United Artists Corporation.

After one conference between the half brothers Charlie brusquely ordered me to cable to Arthur Kelly, firing him.

Next he ordered Sid and me to proceed to Paris immediately, there to investigate the bookings of City Lights throughout France.

Our mission was rudely interrupted almost before it began. Awaiting Sid at the hotel were a round dozen letters from Minnie in Nice. And they constituted



Summer sun is the enemy of soft lustrous hair

While you are so painstakingly, busily acquiring that flattering coat of tan, do you give a thought to what is happening to your hair? The hair actually sunburns, just as the skin does, but with more disastrous results: the natural oils are dried, it becomes brittle and lifeless. Smart women know that a very little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic patted on the hair with the palms of the hands affords the necessary protection. Use the Tonic, too, before every shampoo, massaging well to stimulate the circulation, cleanse the scalp, counteract dryness. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair over night, so much the better.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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thunderclouds if ever written words did. Minnie painted vividly a hideous doom overshadowing Charlie. The dark-eyed Czech would ruin him. Sid must rescue his half brother!

Sid slipped the job to me. His instructions were many and explicit. I must catch the first train for Marseilles, to be on the dock when Charlie and May disembarked from the ship that was bringing them from Algiers.

It was a gigantic undertaking. I genuinely doubted my ability to drag Charlie away from her.

I went out in the tender to meet the ship. Of course the newspaper correspondents were on hand in full force. Plied me with questions about Charlie and "the mysterious Mary." I insisted she was my secretary and had remained behind in Algiers to attend to Chaplin's voluminous correspondence. I prayed they'd fall for it!

Meanwhile, on the promenade deck of the ship Charlie and May leaned over the rail, blissfully ignorant of what was about to happen to them. Only I spotted them. Luck had seen to it that none of the newspaper men aboard the tender had ever met Chaplin in the flesh.

The moment the gangplank was lowered on to the deck of the tender I made a dash for it. Charlie must have thought I had gone suddenly mad as I grabbed him and dragged him to his cabin. Then I tore back on deck and seized the beauty. No less savagely I gave her her orders. She would do as I said, anyhow.

Thus the news photographers awaiting us on the dock obtained excellent pictures of Charlie as he came down the gangplank alone. Also they caught the beautiful and still "mysterious" May as she disembarked—on my arm!

My job was far from done.

The last act of the drama had yet to be played. It was staged in a room in a Marseilles hotel—a scene I should not care to reenact. I used all the resourcefulness I possess in endeavoring to carry out Sid's instructions. But how can you be tactful when you have to tell a man that he must cut loose from a woman?

Chaplin went white. Then he exploded. It was a filthy lie! A trick!

So now I confronted the girl. But browbeating her would avail nothing. In the end I left them together. All I could do now was hope that the seed I had planted would bear the so-much-to-be-desired fruit.

SEVERAL hours passed. Then Charlie came to my room. He was calm. Had had a long talk with the girl. He asked me to repeat in detail what I had said. When I had finished he seemed convinced.

At midnight I was aboard the Paris express. With me was May Reeves. Charlie Chaplin spent the night—and what a night!—in his room in that Marseilles hotel.

Sid was jubilant when I told him I had succeeded. He asked me how I had accomplished the miracle. I reminded him that I had only carried out his orders. This squelched him.

A week later I was on my way to New York to take charge of Charlie's affairs, supplanting Arthur Kelly. Upon my arrival at quarantine the first newspaper I picked up told of Charlie's return to the Riviera, where he planned to remain for several months. It added that "the mysterious Mary" was with him!

Presently a letter came from Sid. He had thrown up his hands and was on the point of taking a long holiday.

When I had left Paris the understanding was that I should spend only ten days in New York and then rejoin the star, to remain with him throughout the round-the-

world trip. I was to acquaint Alfred Reeves with Charlie's wishes and leave their carrying out to the general manager; but Reeves dispatched a cable to Charlie at Juan les Pins urging that I be placed permanently in charge in New York. There was no answer. Reeves took silence to mean consent. In spite of my protests he insisted I remain in New York. Then he returned to Hollywood.

Charlie was especially keen about the sale of City Lights in Japan. For The Gold Rush and The Circus, Japan had paid approximately \$80,000. For City Lights Chaplin wanted \$100,000. It was now up to me to try to get it.

VERY shortly I was able to cable him a bonafide offer of \$100,000 for the showing of City Lights in Japan.

Days went by without a word from Juan les Pins. Then came the following cablegram:

CHIEF PREFERS WAITING
UNTIL HE VISITS JAPAN
ANTICIPATES GETTING
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
REGARDS SIDNEY

I threw up my hands.

Charlie did visit Japan. With him went Sid. Between them they did everything they could do. But the best offer for the film was less than \$50,000. Charlie spurned it. Japan has yet to see City Lights.

Before Charlie left the Riviera I had cleaned up all the outstanding contracts for the showing of the film throughout the world—save Japan. City Lights had grossed about \$4,000,000. Charlie's profits exceeded the net receipts of any two other films of his.

But the depression was on! What that meant to me I was presently to discover. In a friendly letter from Reeves was a brief paragraph reading:

"Charlie is playing at St. Moritz. Sidney is with him. In connection with this I am attaching another letter."

This other was a formal one:

DEAR MR. ROBINSON:

Owing to the fact that all the contracts for City Lights have been made, and because Mr. Chaplin's plans for the future are so indefinite, you will terminate your office two weeks after the receipt of this communication.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED REEVES,

General Manager.

Well, I was fired. It was perfectly true that I had cleaned up the work. And oh, how true it was that "Mr. Chaplin's plans for the future" were "indefinite"!

The merry month of May, 1932, had just drawn to a fragrant close when he came home to Hollywood. I sent him a welcoming letter in the hope that he would realize I still harbored friendly feelings.

Not long thereafter I saw Charlie for the first time since bidding him good-by. I was having supper in a restaurant on the Boulevard. At sight of me he fumbled with his napkin and pretended he hadn't seen me. A moment later he hurried off to an anteroom in the rear.

After a few minutes he reappeared, waved his hands high above his head, and called my name the length of that Hollywood restaurant! Then he came hurrying to my table, his hand outstretched. I rose and clasped it.

"You're looking great, Charlie," I said.

He assured me he was in perfect health—and then scuttled out of the place into the street.

Few men in or out of the public eye have suffered from greater injustice than Charlie Chaplin. Time and again during my sixteen years with him he was the target for baseless accusations.

The mass attack (Continued on page thirty-eight)



A multitude hails Charlie on his arrival in Berlin.

Speak FRENCH at Once!

(Spanish, German or Italian)

This EASY Way

FIRST: You Listen SECOND: You Speak

"Voulez Vous Faire Une Promenade Avec Moi, Monsieur?"—invites the audacious "Mademoiselle" of the Champs Elysées—or, "Wollen Sie mit mir spazieren gehen?" from the flirtatious Mädchen of "Unter den Linden."



Paris, Berlin, Rome, Madrid—now these great fascinating centers of life and love, society, progress, business—are as much our neighbors as St. Louis, Cleveland, San Francisco, Philadelphia!

The NEW DEAL has so ordered it! Participation, comradeship, co-operation, mutual protection—are the effects of the edicts of our great president.

So, whether we like it or not—we've now got to know at least one neighbor's language, just as our English cousins who are geographically close to the European centers, need to know Spanish, French, German or Italian.

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But one must not for an instant consider this necessity of knowing at least one other language an unpleasant

necessity! It is true that one's chances of advancement, of getting a job, of making money are actually doubled by knowing another language—but so also are one's social pleasure, happiness and appreciation of what other countries and people have to give us.

These things were of course true 51 years ago when the great Edison and Count Cortina worked together to develop the now world-renowned Cortinaphone Method of learning languages, and countless thousands the world over have benefited. But what was true of an isolated America half a century ago, is doubly true NOW of an America which leads the world and has become a neighbor to every nation on earth.

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(Continued from page thirty-six) on him by the British press when he "refused to take part in a command performance" at a London music hall is an outstanding example. It was *not* a command performance. It was a benefit performance at which their Majesties had consented to be present.

When Chaplin was asked to appear at this benefit performance—held on the evening of May 11, 1931, at the London Palladium—there was nothing in the invitation to suggest that it was to be a command performance. I speak authoritatively because the invitation, a telegram, came into my hands. At that moment Charlie was in Algiers. He knew nothing about that invitation. It read:

CHARLES CHAPLIN HOTEL CRILLON
PARIS

ON MAY THE ELEVENTH AT THE
LONDON PALLADIUM IS THE
PERFORMANCE IN AID OF VARIETY
ARTISTS BENEVOLENT FUND OF
ENGLAND AT WHICH THEIR
MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN
WILL BE PRESENT WILL YOU AGREE
TO APPEAR IF NOT AS AN ACT STOP
THEN TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE IN
AID OF AGED BROTHER AND SISTER
ARTISTS AWAITING YOUR REPLY FOR
PUBLICATION

GEORGE BLACK DIRECTOR
LONDON PALLADIUM.

I replied immediately, informing Mr. Black that I could not reach Mr. Chaplin, but I doubted if it would be possible for him to accept inasmuch as he was in Algiers and had no intention of returning to London. His plans, I explained, called for his making a tour of northern Africa and then proceeding to the Orient. So far as I could see, the invitation came from Mr. Black. I read no "command" into it. Certainly no *royal* command.

When the storm broke I felt sure I knew what was at the bottom of it. I am still convinced I know who started it, and why.

Not only did the London and provincial newspapers assail Chaplin, but the press of the dominions flayed him mercilessly for his "unforgivable insolence"!

His refusal to kowtow to the press was undoubtedly the reason why most of the London newspapers turned against him during that 1931 visit. The wife of a titled proprietor of one newspaper had set her heart on having Chaplin in her party at the opening of City Lights at the Dominion Theatre. He preferred to sit with Lady Astor and George Bernard Shaw.

From that moment the attacks began.

THE widely reported "snubbing" of the Duke of Connaught by Chaplin was the invention of a woman journalist. She represented a London daily newspaper in Nice. On the day of the opening of City Lights at Monte Carlo the Riviera correspondents of all newspapers were invited to the Chaplin suite in the Hotel Majestic. Each of them was invited to be the guest of the star at the opening performance.

It was several hours after the reception to the press that this gushing woman appeared. I told her I was sorry my supply of free tickets was exhausted, but in her presence telephoned to the cinema and had two seats set aside for her. Now she requested an exclusive interview with Chaplin immediately. This was utterly impossible. He was miles away, and had he been available I still could not have broken faith with the other correspondents.

Although all the correspondents saw everything that this disgruntled woman saw at that opening performance, only she sent off a distorted version of the actual occurrences. The facts are few and simple. Charlie was the guest of the Prince of Monaco. He dined with members

of the prince's suite preceding the première. The dinner was elaborate and endless. When he arrived at the cinema he was mortified to learn that the audience had been kept waiting a full hour. He was ushered into the royal box and presented to the prince. A few moments later he discovered in the audience below him the figure of the aged Duke of Connaught. Immediately he turned to the prince with a request that he be excused for a moment to pay his respects to the Duke. But even as the prince assented the house lights were lowered. City Lights was on the screen.

The moment the film ended Charlie again requested the prince to excuse him, and hastened to the Duke of Connaught.

It takes a pretty clever (and vengeful) journalist to build a defamatory story out of that!

In London Chaplin had been harshly criticized in the press for "inflicting himself" on the Prince of Wales at an ice carnival. The newspapers based their remarks upon a photograph in which Chaplin was sitting at the prince's right hand. Others in the photograph were the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Milbanke.

ACCORDING to printed captions that appeared beneath the published picture, the expression on the prince's face was one of "anger, dismay, and resentment"; the two titled ladies were described as looking "supremely bored"; and Charlie was accused of having forced a smile.

Had the comedian's presence not been welcome—and sought—he would not have been at the table!

These attacks didn't perturb Charlie. Only once during the trip did he have painful evidence of the newspapers' hostility. It happened after my departure.

The beginning of that mess dates back to 1921, when upon

our arrival at the Ritz a young woman applied for a job as typist. I engaged her. Paid her seven pounds a week. As a result, in the next ten years she acted as typist for numerous Hollywood stars in London.

Long before our start on the world trip this young woman wrote to me asking for her old job back when we reached London. She was on hand when we arrived. This time I never discussed salary with her. I left it to Silverstone as representative of the United Artists Corporation. It was not until weeks had elapsed that I discovered she had not been paid during her employment, having said she preferred to wait until the job was finished and then receive her pay in a lump sum.

For her services she received a weekly salary of twenty-five pounds. But she expressed dissatisfaction with it. After much bartering she accepted a check in full settlement, and signed a receipt to this effect. Thereafter she brought a legal action against Chaplin.

There was no earthly reason for Charlie to appear in court. But for some fantastic reason he decided to do battle in person.

The judge roundly slated him when he made the innocent mistake of taking a seat in the space reserved for counsel at the bar. (In a United States courtroom it would have been the proper place for a defendant to sit.) I do feel that Chaplin's humiliation might have been spared this piling on of the agony.

The young woman won her case. Had Chaplin settled a sum upon her big enough to make her independent for life it would have been less costly than the damage that trial did him. For, among other things, she spilled the beans about his having left London twenty-four hours before his dinner engagement with the Prime Minister!

THE END



The bust of Queen Nefret-ity for which Charlie fell so hard in a German museum.

By

FERRIN FRASER

The Proof

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

COOPER stopped in the library doorway when he saw Fowell's dead body. It sprawled on the floor in the morning sunshine, the fingers of one hand twisted about the handle of a revolver.

"I don't know anything about such things," Fowell had said last night. "Is this gun in condition to shoot, Cooper? I should feel silly if I ever met a burglar with a useless weapon."

He had examined the gun, and assured Fowell that it was in working order.

He recalled what Miriam had said: "But, Bob, we've never had a burglar." Fowell had answered: "We might have. Men steal in queer places." And he had looked directly at Cooper. Fowell had known.

Suicide. The easy way out. Cooper felt his lips curl.

The clock in the hall struck seven. If Miriam should by any chance come downstairs before the servants she would be horribly shocked. Even though she no longer loved Fowell, she had been Fowell's wife for eight years.

Cooper was moving across the room toward the bell when he saw the letter. He strode to the table and took up the envelope. On it, in Fowell's large, rather boyish hand, was: "Miriam Fowell—personal."

Cooper swore softly. Fowell might have mentioned his name. There was no use having a scandal. He took up a brass paper knife from the table and slit the envelope. Then he replaced the knife and opened the letter.

DEAREST MIRIAM,

I want you to know that you have always made me happy. Our life together has been, for me at least, very full and complete. I have realized lately that you had ceased to love me, but I have hoped that things might again be as they were. I see now that is impossible. I do not blame you in the least, Miriam dear, nor do I want you to blame me for taking my life. I hope that you and Gerald Cooper will find happiness that has been denied us the last few years.

Your husband,
ROBERT FOWELL.

With steady fingers Cooper tore the letter into tiny squares and dropped the pieces into a pocket. The next instant he heard someone descending the hall stairs. He walked swiftly to one of the long windows to the terrace, slipped out, and clicked it shut behind him. He whistled softly as he walked across the lawn into the grove of silver birches, completely hidden from the house.

He put the pieces of the letter on the ground on top of their envelope and struck a match. When the flame died Cooper turned his foot on the filmy ashes. He could marry Miriam without a breath of scandal. He wondered how much insurance Fowell had left.

He sat in the grove for a time, smoked a cigar. Then he rose and walked toward the house. Vachell's white face met him in the doorway.

"Mr. Fowell is dead, sir," the servant said.

"Dead!" Cooper got just the proper inflection of shock and surprise into the word.

He pushed through into the hall, paused in the library doorway, and regarded the fussy little man who was standing by the table.

"This is most shocking, doctor," he said.

There were two other men in the room. Dr. Randall



motioned with his head. "The coroner, Mr. Cooper, and —Mr. Donovan."

He noticed that they had thrown a couch cover across Fowell's body. The coroner said, "Vachell tells me you were outside at the time the body was found."

"Yes. I always take a walk in the early morning. I came downstairs and let myself out the front door."

"You didn't happen to look in this room?"

"No. I went straight out."

The man named Donovan spoke for the first time:

"Vachell says when he opened the front door to admit Dr. Randall it was locked—on the chain."

Cooper repressed a start.

"Vachell must be mistaken," he said easily.

"Mr. Cooper, is this your razor?"

His eyes followed Donovan's hand to the table.

"Yes," he said. "It is. Why?"

There was a flutter in the doorway and he turned to find Miriam there. He moved quickly to her side.

"It is your razor then, Mr. Cooper?"

He turned angrily on Donovan. "Certainly it is. Why all this nonsense about my razor?"

"I only wanted your statement," said Donovan. "The same fingerprints are on the handle as on the gun we found in Fowell's hand."

"Very easily explained," Cooper said. "Last night Bob asked me to examine that pistol. Mrs. Fowell was present at the time."

MIRIAM nodded. Donovan rubbed his chin with a lean hand. "Your prints, Mr. Cooper, are also on this paper knife."

Cooper's eyes shot swiftly to the knife.

"You will probably find them all over the house," he said. "I have been a guest here for a week. As for that knife, I handled it last evening after dinner."

"You didn't touch it this morning?"

"No."

Donovan's voice grew suddenly sharp.

"When Fowell was shot," he said, "as he fell, one hand clutched at the table. His fingers slid along the top. Now this paper knife, bearing your fingerprints and none other, Mr. Cooper, was found *lying on top* of those last clutching marks of Fowell's."

Cooper ran his tongue along dry lips. He glanced at Miriam and saw a look of slow horror coming over her face.

"This—this is ridiculous," he stammered. "I know Fowell shot himself. I can prove it!"

A chill of fear swept over him. The one absolute proof of Fowell's suicide was nothing but a spot of gray paper ash which his heel had driven into the earth!

Dimly Cooper heard the coroner's voice:

"... what made me suspicious was the fact that there was no letter. In all my experience I never encountered a case in which a suicide did not leave a letter. So I naturally—and rightly, it seems—suspected murder."

THE END

(Reading time: 26 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee's battle for love and happiness. Born on the wrong side of the tracks in the little town of Richley, she goes away to New York with Tommy Wallace, a gas-station employee, when he loses his job. Tommy deserts her for Dolly Merrick, a blues singer, who makes him a stooge in her vaudeville act. Sadie finds work in the chorus of a cheap cabaret and meets Jack Brennan, a millionaire, and his friend, Gilbert Fenlon. She marries Brennan and cures him of drinking, but never loves him. A Reno divorce follows. Her mother dies and she returns home and meets Michael Alderson, for whose family her mother was once housekeeper, and he falls in love with her, and she finally marries him because she believes that her mother would have wanted it so. They return from a short honeymoon and she finds three letters waiting for her.

PART NINE—A STRANGE WORLD AND A LONELY HEART

SHE read:

DARLING SADIE:

Many, many of the best kind of wishes to you. You are a marvelous girl and you deserve to be happy. Gilbert says that Michael Alderson is a swell person and I hope he's all that Gil says he is. I would take a running jump in one of these grand lakes they have over here if it would insure your future happiness. You know that's true.

Be happy, Sadie, and always remember that you've got a true friend in

JACK BRENNAN.

Sadie folded the letter and put it away. It was kind of a sad letter, she thought, and wondered for the first time if it had been right to break Jack of the liquor habit. If she hadn't he'd be dead now, but she had made him live, and now he was a middle-aged man searching the world for a scrap of happiness. What had she done for him? Simply substituted dimness for darkness. That was a big help, wasn't it? She sighed heavily.

The next letter was also from Europe and it was from Gilbert Fenlon:

DEAR SADIE:

Because I know Michael so well I am going against all rules of etiquette and congratulating the bride. I am also congratulating the groom, but that is in another letter addressed very personally to him. He is a grand boy and I know that you will make each other happy.

I wish you all the good things in the world, Sadie. You have them coming to you, and I know this is the time you're going to get them.

Best wishes always,

GILBERT FENLON.

Sadie dropped the letter into the wastebasket beside her. It was nice of him to write, but then he always did the thing that he thought was proper to do. He was a Fenlon and he had no impulses either decent or otherwise. He just did what Fenlons were supposed to do if they wanted to continue as Fenlons in good standing.

The third letter was from a town in Ohio that had a strange and gigantic name. Sadie noticed on the back of the envelope that her correspondent was one Mrs. Harry Sniderbeck. She puckered her brow in perplexity and opened the letter. She looked at once at the signature and felt a sudden wave of delight. This letter was signed "Opal."

DEAREST LITTLE MCKEE (Brennan-Alderson):

You haven't fooled me for a minute. I've watched every move you've made. I didn't congratulate you on your first marriage because I saw a picture of Brennan in the paper. I'm glad I waited to congratulate you till something worth while came along. However, if you go on as you've started I'll be mailing you wedding wishes like Christmas cards.

I'm married too. I married that guy I told you about. He's a good egg and we get along swell together. My boy is in high school now and is doing very well. He is big and husky and (knock wood) hasn't had a sick day since I've been home taking care of him. . . .

Sadie read the letter through, then read it a second time. She put it carefully back in its envelope and slipped it into her purse. She mustn't lose it. It had Opal's

Pretty Sadie

The Author of "Bad Girl" Never Wrote Anything Finer than this Novel of Tangled Lives and a Woman's Search for Happiness

address on it. She was surprised at the amount of pleasure the letter had given her. Such a warm friendly feeling. She took the letter out of her purse and looked at the address again. Maybe she'd go out there some day and visit Opal. It would be nice to see her. It would be nice to hear her talk. Opal could always express herself. She thought of how pleasant it would be if Opal lived in Richley. It would be fun to have a friend. She even wondered idly if Opal and her husband and her son would move to Richley. Mr. Alderson could get Opal's husband a job. They'd probably like it all right in Richley.

She thought to herself, "I would send Opal's son through college and I would furnish a house for them here." And then suddenly she knew that they would not come to Richley at all, for Opal had made a life for herself and it was an important life which could not be changed or reorganized. Her life was not like Sadie's. It was firm and established, and being Mrs. Sniderbeck meant owning a house in that Ohio town and knowing your neighbors and going to parents' meetings at the high school. Opal wasn't drifting along with the years. She couldn't pack and go. She was rooted.

Michael looked up from his last letter. "Pleasant mail, dear?"

"Very."

"That's good." He stood up. "Shall we go upstairs and see what they did to our rooms?"

They walked upstairs. Sadie thought to herself, "It is as though I was in a hotel where it doesn't matter what the rooms are like. The manager wants me to be satisfied, but I am not fussy and anything will do."

Michael opened the door of the three-room apartment and said, "Well, this is something like it."

THE suite had originally consisted of a sitting room, Michael's bedroom, and a guest room all done in heavy masculine style. Michael's bedroom had been left unchanged, but the guest room had been done over for Sadie.

"I hope you like it," he said. "I told them just about what I wanted for you."

It was a simple room with simple straight-lined furniture and linen drapes. There were bowls of red roses in the room and two colored etchings. There was a writing table and a bookshelf, which she noticed at once because never before had she seen either in a bedroom.

Sadie's maid was unpacking the suitcases. She said, "Mighty nice room, Mrs. Alderson, but it don't look a bit like you."

She took a mirror from her hand bag and looked at herself. She saw her blue eyes with sweeping lashes.

McKee



By
**VIÑA
DELMAR**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Sadie smiled. "I like it. It's different from any room I ever saw before."

She thought of the rose-and-gold room at Jack's house.

Michael said, "The room is fresh and genuine and unaffected and it has character."

"Your bathroom is all white," Sadie's maid remarked disappointedly.

Sadie laughed. "I've had ones that weren't," she said.

"I know, Mrs. Alderson. The one in the apartment was black and orchid."

"That isn't what I meant," Sadie said. She walked into the sitting room. It was a large, airy room with plenty of comfortable chairs and a huge fireplace. There were bookshelves here too, and two pairs of love birds. There were nice bright pictures on the walls and gay

drapes that could be drawn to shut out the sight of rainy days.

"It's lovely," Sadie said.

"I knew you'd like it. Oh, Sadie darling, I hope you'll be happy here!"

She looked away from Michael's eyes that always became so tortured and haunting when he spoke of her happiness. They made her uncomfortable.

"Of course I'll be happy." She said it a trifle roughly because she was trying so hard to be gentle.

"Sadie, I'd give my life to please you."

She thought of men in armor and wondered if those women who had lived in castles and had worn funny clothes had felt a little bit disgusted and annoyed with all the flowery and never-ending vows. Of course the men in armor had actually gone out and died like flies, but then Michael would, too. He was just the type to do something like that.

Michael had been serious about getting instructors in to teach Sadie all that an ambitious young Alderson should know.

It was Sadie who kept saying, "I'll start next week." It would have been all right if Michael had been going to teach her. But she couldn't bear the thought of a strange man taking her out on a tennis court and trying to show her how to play tennis.

There would be fun in it if you were going to be with someone you knew and liked and you could laugh and joke. But a strange instructor would be very serious and earnest.

She tried to convey to Michael something of her feeling regarding instructors.

"But after you learn I'll play with you and we can laugh then."

"You teach me, Michael. I won't feel badly if you're impatient with me."

"I can't, darling. I hate to teach. It makes me nervous and cranky."

"All right."

IT was the same with the other things. Especially bridge. Sadie got as far as a week's instruction in bridge and then went no farther.

"It's very dull," she said.

"Not when you really know how to play."

"But the learning is too awful, Michael. It's silly to be bored stiff so that you can learn to have fun. And it's not really important that I learn."

"What is important in life?" he asked her.

"Eating."

"Eating? What an answer from you. You never know whether food is cooked well or not."

"I didn't say fancy eating. I meant getting enough to eat so that you can live."

He looked at her searchingly. "You say funny things, Sadie."

"What's funny about that? Hell, no matter what you call it, the whole world is always working to get enough to eat."

He took her hand and held it between his own. "Listen, Sadie. When the question of eating has been settled and there is no further need for man to worry about it, he



"I feel the need of many things, Michael. I feel the need of

then must find something else to occupy his thoughts."

"Yes."

"When there was a nice fat animal simmering in the cave man's cooking pot, he probably looked around for something to interest him, since no further hunting was necessary that day."

"Yes."

"Perhaps he fashioned a hollow circle for himself and played a sort of quoits game, or with a rock and some bones made himself a crude bowling outfit. I don't know which, but when the fear of hunger was not with him he played, Sadie."

"Perhaps."

"And when the little cave babies were sleeping quietly, wrapped in their warm little tiger skins, and the cave women were free of their duties they stole out of their caves and joined their husbands. They had to play too."

"Oh, sure, they had to play, Michael. They knew how to play. Their husbands had gotten them the best instructors available."

Michael laughed. "You spoiled my nicest story, you mean hussy, you."

"But, anyway, the point was that there's nothing left for a rich family to do except play bridge, Michael. I saw what you were getting to. Fat animals are always simmering in our cooking pots, so we have to play quoits with a ring-tailed monkey or something. Michael, fat animals have had to simmer in cooking pots for many generations before a person really believes that games are important."

"You feel the need of them, Sadie."



*Michael
laughed.
"You spoiled
my nicest
story, you
mean hussy."*



JAMES H. HODGKINS

a friend who will say, 'Sadie, you're in a foreign country.'

"I feel the need of many things, Michael. I feel the need of a friend who will say to me, 'Sadie, you're in a foreign country where nothing is important except golf sticks, tennis rackets, horses, and bridge. Let me show you the way around. I will not hand you over to a paid guide, for he will not laugh at your mistakes with you. He will laugh when he's alone.' That's one of the things I feel the need of, Michael."

HE took her out next day to give her her first lesson in riding a horse. He told her many things, too many things. When she forgot one, he said, "I was wrong in trying to make you swallow my enthusiasms, Sadie. You don't really want to learn to ride, do you?"

She said, "Oh, nuts!" and got off the horse and walked away from him. And Michael never spoke again of instructors, games, horses, nor even of his good friends the cave people. But he still maintained that he would die if it would bring Sadie any happiness.

Sadie got along passably well with Michael's stepmother. She never spoke enough to her to make a disagreement possible. She knew that the slightest intimacy with the older woman would end at best in an armed truce. Mr. Alderson was a good egg and Sadie knew that friction between his wife and Michael's wife would make him unhappy, so she did her best to insure peace in the family.

She was aware that her presence in the house was a trial to the elder Mrs. Alderson. It would have been enough to trouble her if Sadie had merely been the daughter of Mr. Alderson's ex-housekeeper, but

wretch was also the divorced wife of some hoodlum *nouveau riche* was insupportable. Sadie knew that the good lady had put her own interpretation on the Blake Wellington gossip and perhaps had even heard about Tommy.

She said to Michael, "Michael, is your stepmother's family as good as yours?"

He answered, "She was married to the Duke of Kesterwick."

"But his family isn't *her* family. Who are her people?"

Michael said, "My, you're getting snooty, Sadie. Are you thinking of cutting her publicly?"

"I'm just curious. Being a McKee, anyone's family tops mine. I'm just asking."

"Her name was Maring, Sadie. It's a good family. Why?"

"I'm putting a puzzle together. That's all. I think, Michael," she said slowly, "that your stepmother is less certain of her family tree than any of the guests she entertains. I think—"

He laughed. "Well, maybe, but let's not be snobs, Sadie."

"All right. We'll treat her as though she belonged, shall we? After all, no real lady is ever a snob."

"What's your idea of a lady, Sadie?"

"Mine? Well, it's kind of silly. I think a lady is a person who's always kind to children and animals and to grown humans who are sort of at a disadvantage."

He walked over to her and kissed her.

"You think I'm silly, don't you?" she demanded. "I know that being a lady has things to do with wearing too many diamonds and saying 'Oh, nuts!' and what William the Conqueror said to your ancestor, but those things don't really count."

"Don't they, sweetheart?"

"You know they don't, Michael. Being decent is more important than knowing how many spoons belong on a dinner table, and I don't mean being decent about this man-and-woman business. I mean giving people a square deal."

"I know what you mean," he said. "Sadie you're a most uncomfortable girl to let loose in a nice tidy world."

THE Alderson who had been in Egypt for twenty-two years because, fantastically enough, he liked Egypt was coming back to America. He was Mr. Alderson's elder brother.

The Aldersons who lived in England and who had always lived in England and whom Mr. Alderson had not seen in fifteen years were thinking of visiting America. They were Mr. Alderson's cousins.

The Alderson who lived in Richley thought it would be nice if they all came over together and visited him. That was Mr. Alderson himself.

For some time letters had been passing between the three Alderson families and it was now arranged. In June England and Egypt would be poorer and America richer. The Aldersons would be united in Richley.

Sadie wondered a good deal what that reunion would be like. Mr. Alderson told her that the whole family was very anxious to meet her. The hope of the family was pinned on Michael and his bride. What would they think of her? She only cared because of Mr. Alderson. It would disappoint him if they thought her lacking in the virtues which an Alderson's wife should possess.

"They'll like you," Mr. Alderson assured her, patting her hand.

Sadie wondered. Perhaps Mr. Alderson's views were broader than those of people who had lived in Egypt and England.

He seemed to read her mind. "They're a stuffy old crew," he said, "but they're real and they'll like you."

She smiled at him. "I hope so," she said.

"And if they don't we shan't throw you away, you know."

"No, I suppose not," she said absently. She was thinking that Mr. Alderson was the only one in the world who could talk blue blood and family without making her angry.

Michael dreaded the thought of the Alderson reunion,

and it amused Sadie to find herself assuring him that it wouldn't be bad.

"You've never sat around with a bunch of Aldersons," he protested.

"Night after night, sweetheart."

"But wait till you see the Aldersons that are coming."

"They won't stay forever."

"No, it will only seem that way."

"Well, we have our sitting room."

"But we can't desert them. We shall have to entertain."

"How?" Sadie asked.

"With bright jest and witty saying, I suppose."

"I'll take them down and introduce them to Harris and Josephine."

Michael laughed. He had once gone with Sadie to the brick house to meet the Harrises. They had been flustered beyond all words and had felt so uncomfortable in the presence of such an august personage that Sadie had vowed she would never bring him again. Michael hadn't minded the Harrises, but it was weeks before the Harrises had recovered from his call.

She went alone to see them now and she went often. There was so little else to do in Richley. There were no stores in which an Alderson could shop, and there were no theaters save the two little tenth-rate movie houses. Almost every day Michael was out on the golf course or away somewhere riding his gleaming black horse. He apologized very nicely for going and always asked Sadie if she was quite certain that she wouldn't be lonely. Mrs. Alderson spent her mornings in the hothouse coaxing tropical flowers to grow, and her afternoons at her desk adding to the book she was writing on these same tropical flowers. Mr. Alderson sometimes golfed or rode with Michael, and when he didn't he closed himself up in his library with his books. So Sadie went to see the Harrises, or else she spent the day in her sitting room writing to Opal or reading *Variety*. She liked the love birds and sometimes she sat for an hour just watching them.

Opal had proved to be an unreliable correspondent. She wrote rarely and her letters were always full of reasons why she didn't write more often. Sadie read with envy Opal's reasons. There had been a bridge tournament. Opal had been giving the house a thorough cleaning. Harry had had a vacation. The little boy had had a birthday party. Opal had things to do. She wasn't standing around waiting for Sadie's letters and rushing at once to answer them, giving thanks that here at last was something to do. She had made a life for herself.

Sadie thought that sometime soon she would go to that Ohio town and find Opal. It would be something to do and it would be fun. She thought that maybe as she sat talking to Opal the years would fall away and Opal would be once more the girl in the next room who owned an electric iron. Maybe her mother would live again and Tommy would be on his way home from the gas station.

SADIE sighed. He would never be on his way home to her again. She picked up the latest issue of *Variety* and saw that he was in Boston. It didn't say his name in *Variety*. It never had. It always just said "Dolly Merrick." He was just something that Dolly carried around the country like her Pekingese or her trunk. But he was with her. And they were in Boston. She wondered if Tommy thought of her when he entered the Boston theater. Or had he forgotten that she had followed him there and asked him to give up Dolly and come back to the dirty little room with her? If he still remembered it must make him laugh. It was funny, come to think of it. She had asked him to give up ease and adventure and she had nothing to offer him except what he had already tried and didn't want. It was funny, all right.

She thought to herself, "They are in the East now. I'll go and see the act again when it comes closer."

It would be good to see him looking well and handsome.

"I am always wrong," she thought to herself. "I tried to take him from the life he was made for. And I saved Jack for a life that he finds empty. I am a well meaning damn' fool, and there's nothing worse."

When Michael came in, all fresh and glowing from his ride, he found her lying on the chaise longue sound asleep.

He experienced a small pang of resentment. He felt so alive and healthy that it piqued him to see her lying there useless and lazy. Why didn't she do something? Anything, as long as it kept her from lying about like the favored one of a sultan's harem. There was something unwholesome about such inactivity.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. "Did you have a nice ride, Michael?"

His resentment died a sudden death. She had seen him and had asked at once if he had enjoyed himself. He had entered the room, looked at her, but had never bothered his head to wonder if her hours alone had been pleasant. Come to think of it, they couldn't have been. She found no joy in books or music and there was no one to speak to. He sat down beside her and gathered her into his arms. She was a captive here in this apartment which he thought beautiful and which was so different from anything she would have selected for herself. He had forced his family, his life, upon her, and even her bedroom was furnished to his taste.

"DARLING," he said, "sometimes when I look at you I feel as though I had netted some huge and glorious bird and put it in a cage."

She said nothing.

"Sadie, why don't you tell me that I'm selfish to run around enjoying myself while you just sit here alone?"

"What's the use of two of us sitting here doing nothing?" she asked.

"We could do something."

"What?"

"I could read to you."

"I can read," she said.

"But there's more fun when someone is reading a pleasant book aloud to you."

"Is there?"

"Oh, much more fun. We'll read tonight, shall we?"

"All right."

"Have you been out today, Sadie?"

"No."

"I'll take you for a ride in the car. It will give you a breath of air. And after dinner tonight I'll read to you. What kind of books do you like?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me the plays you've liked and then I'll pick books of the same type."

"All right. I'll think of them while we're riding."

"Sadie, I'm sorry I've been such a thoughtless brute."

She didn't answer him because it would be necessary to say, "You haven't been at all, dear," and then he would say, "Yes, I have been." And it would go on that way for many minutes and be very trying indeed. The whole thing was very confusing anyway. If by chance you did say, "Well, I should think you would be sorry," then he would shift ground and find reasons to prove that he hadn't been a thoughtless brute at all. So on the whole you could get out in the car a great deal faster if you just said nothing and pretended not to notice that he was waiting for you to deny his thoughtlessness and brutality. To be sure, when you didn't deny it he looked a bit sulky, but you pretended not to notice that either. It was sort of a game, Sadie thought, probably one that those cave women of Michael's had played daily.

It was June now in Richley and the air was warm and fragrant and the big house on the hill buzzed with plans and preparations for the guests who would soon arrive. And Sadie stood at her window, but she did not think of the plans and preparations, nor the guests. She thought only that it was June down there in the little town and that it was more pleasant to sit on the doorstep in the moonlight than to drive in the smartest of town cars for a week-end at the most conservative of ocean resorts. You were alive when you sat on that doorstep and everything was before you. But you were numb and nothing more could happen in a black and shining town car. People looked and whispered, "There's Sadie McKee Alderson." But that wasn't fun. It wasn't even fun when the grandest magazine printed your picture and the great shops of the world begged for a difficult order to fill. It would be fun to sit on a doorstep in the moonlight, but nobody knew that it was Sadie McKee Alderson except Sadie, and Sadie had to sit in a town car.

She drove forty miles to a vaudeville theater one afternoon. She wondered if the chauffeur thought she was mad. What else could he think? But he only said, "Yes, Mrs. Alderson," and helped her into the car. And there she sat, oh, very smartly dressed, looking out at Richley.

She said to herself, "Millions of women who married the men they wanted are going at this hour of the day to look in shop windows at the clothes they can't have, while I, dressed like the Queen of Sheba, am on my way to look at the man I can't have."

She took a mirror from her hand bag and looked at herself. She saw her great blue eyes with their sweeping lashes and the long curving brows. She saw her red soft mouth and her smooth satiny skin and she asked herself, "What's it good for?" And she wondered if beauty ever got anybody anything worth while, or was it only good for gathering bright colors about you and shiny toys and an important name? And then she remembered that it had made it possible for her to fulfill her mother's dream. Without beauty Michael would not have wanted her. Still, had she not been beautiful her mother would not have dared to dream—and many things would have been different. Perhaps she would now be a second maid in somebody's house. And perhaps she would be in love with the chauffeur and he would also love her. So what good was beauty?

She was at the theater now. She went in and sat in the back row. The first act was on. There was scarcely anybody in the theater. Few people wanted to close themselves indoors on so delightful a June afternoon. The acts passed quickly. There was no applause to delay their progress. Applause is thin and perfunctory in an empty theater. At last the act which preceded Dolly was at work. Any minute now he would come. Sadie's eyes were fastened on the right-hand upper box. Any minute now. But the act was gone and he had not come. Sadie glanced swiftly at each and every box. Had he changed his location? But he was nowhere to be seen. The music played and Dolly Merrick's pianist appeared. Then Dolly, dressed in pale-green organdie and carrying an old-fashioned bouquet of rosebuds. But no Tommy.

SADIE found her heart thumping hotly. What did his absence mean? Was he ill? Had he and Dolly quarreled and parted? Or had he been late in getting to the theater? Perhaps the act had been rearranged. Maybe Tommy arrived now after Dolly had begun to sing. People did sometimes change their acts.

But Dolly went from one song to the next and there was no Tommy. She was still singing about the abandoned female whose passion just couldn't be discouraged.

Dolly disappeared to change her clothes. The pianist banged on the piano and grinned toothily and Dolly came back wearing yellow and looking as simple and sweet as a buttercup. Sadie looked wildly around the theater again. Dolly started her next song and there was no interruption. No ukulele. No Tommy. Sadie chewed nervously on her finger nails. What had become of Tommy? She knew now that he was not going to appear. Dolly's act was almost over. Sadie had not known how much she had depended on seeing him. It had never occurred to her that he would not be here. Where was he? What had happened to him? She couldn't go back to Richley and wonder forever what had become of him. She thought of herself sitting day after day in her room looking down upon the town and wondering where Tommy was. She couldn't face it. She had to know.

DOLLY'S act was over now. She had received more applause than the other acts, but even at that she had taken only one bow. The stage was dark now.

Sadie walked out of the theater. She went to the box office and asked of the girl in the glass case, "Where's the stage entrance?"

"Around the corner to your left. There's an alleyway."

Sadie walked around the corner and found the alleyway. There was a man in shirt sleeves and carpet slippers sitting on a rickety chair reading a newspaper.

"Could I see Miss Merrick?" she asked.

"What's the name, please?"

"Tell her—tell her it's Mrs. Alderson."

The doorman got up and shuffled away. Presently he returned and beckoned to her. She followed him into a cool, musty-smelling dimness that, after the brilliance of the world outside, seemed black and dangerous.

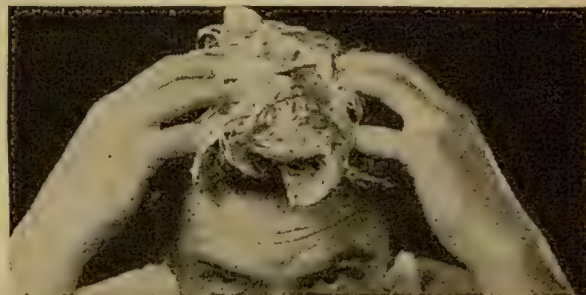
"This way. Don't fall, now." And suddenly there was a gray corridor with doors all along it. Each door was slightly ajar and yellow light spilled into the corridor. "Number one," the doorman said and shuffled out of sight.

Sadie knocked on the first door and Dolly's voice said, "Come in." Sadie walked in and closed the door.

In next week's installment of this story of another "Bad Girl" you will read of the startling news Sadie hears from Dolly about Tommy Wallace.

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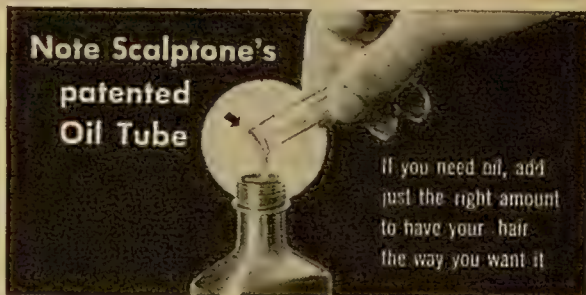
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ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 20

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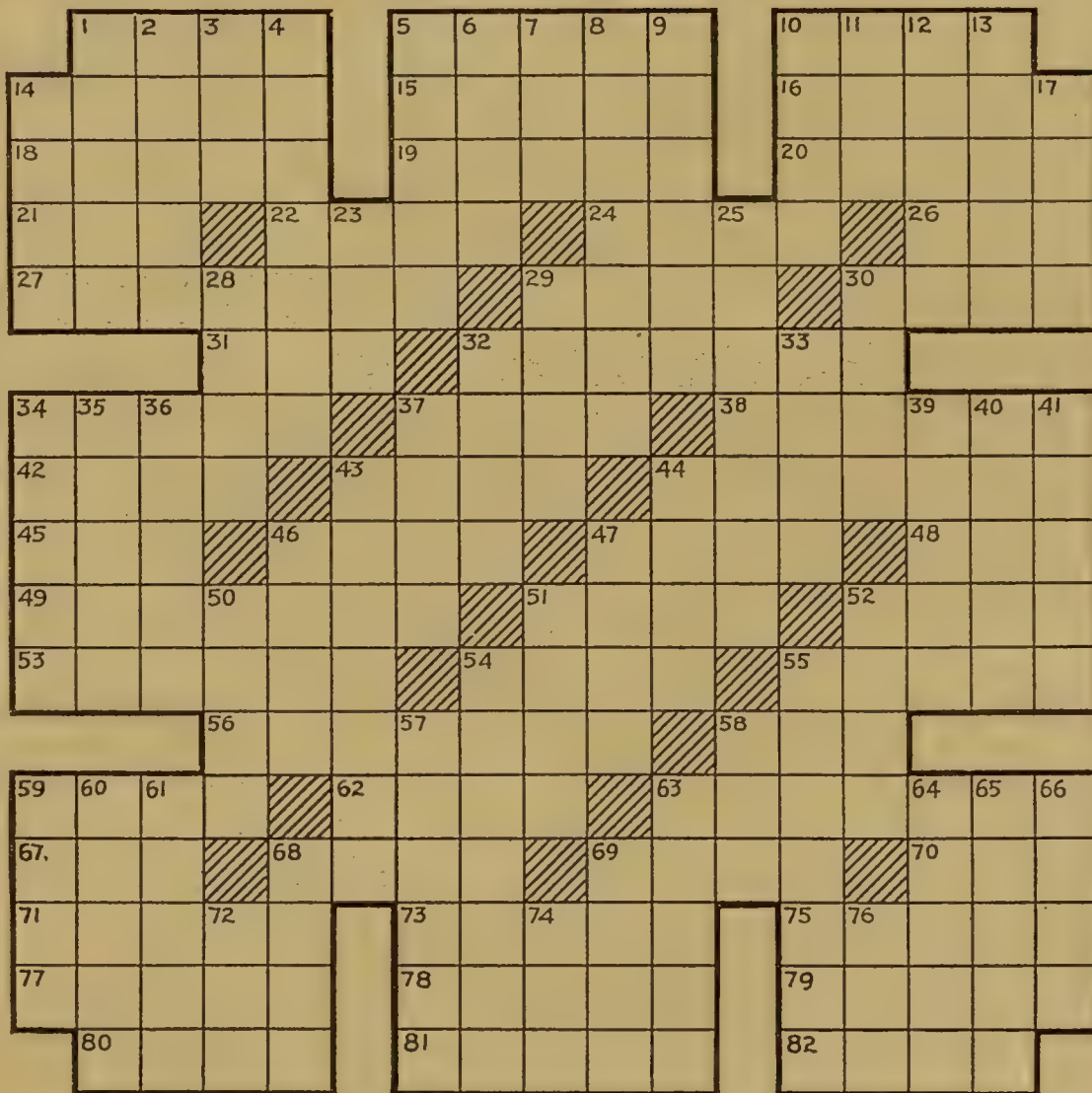
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CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A ruffian
- 5 A fish (plural)
- 10 Policemen (slang)
- 14 Prattle
- 15 Round and tapering
- 16 To put in tune
- 18 Of a certain grain
- 19 A tree
- 20 Giver
- 21 Poem
- 22 To brave
- 24 Faucets
- 26 Man's name
- 27 Account books
- 29 A tube
- 30 Performs
- 31 Refuse; a fragment
- 32 Obsequies
- 34 A Hindu measure of weight (plural)
- 37 Attack of emotion
- 38 Wheelless vehicle
- 42 Instigate
- 43 Lame
- 44 Remains of past ages
- 45 Large snake
- 46 Go to seed
- 47 Light cotton fabric
- 48 Large container
- 49 Abates
- 51 Insects
- 52 Fabricated
- 53 Circumstances of one's life
- 54 Prevaricated
- 55 Wiser
- 56 Rectors
- 58 Rude small house
- 59 Wagers
- 62 A thump
- 63 Feels contrition
- 67 Commotion
- 68 Colored

BARE	PELTS	FORT
FERAL	ADORE	ARISE
ELITE	ROWED	REDAN
LIE	MAIM	MATE
TESTERS	DONE	MESS
ONAMARS	ME	
SHORT	PALS	RETIRE
TART	DICE	PIT
OLD	FILE	HALE
ALE	REE	RISE
TERMED	CENT	FREES
ID	CHAT	FIR
HARD	TRIM	BALSAMS
ARE	ROAM	PANT
TOPEE	METAL	ELIZA
EMEND	PRATE	RESET
ALIEE	SAVES	SEES

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 69 A fish
- 70 A constellation
- 71 Saltpeter
- 73 Sea mammals
- 75 Part of the arm
- 77 Gaze fixedly
- 78 Pass or flow out
- 79 Subterranean part of a plant (plural)
- 80 Killed
- 81 Charger
- 82 Weeps convulsively

VERTICAL

- 1 Barter
- 2 Detested
- 3 An American Indian
- 4 Distinction of a word according to sex (plural)
- 5 Cicatrices
- 6 A hollow place
- 7 Furthermore
- 8 Practicing a prescribed course of feeding
- 9 Rub harshly
- 10 Low-bred persons
- 11 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
- 12 The language of ancient Carthage
- 13 Force air violently through the nose
- 14 A pond
- 17 Periods
- 23 Craft
- 25 Individuals
- 28 A ruminant
- 29 Flat-bottomed boat
- 30 Beverage (plural)
- 32 A season
- 33 Too
- 34 A piece of furniture
- 35 Wind instruments
- 36 Most unimportant
- 37 Comrades
- 39 Large low sofa
- 40 Open space in a wood
- 41 Ethereal salt
- 43 Integrity
- 44 Supply with food
- 46 Greek letter
- 47 Dregs
- 50 Undermines
- 51 Feathered vertebrate
- 52 Companion
- 54 Most clamorous
- 55 Certain meals
- 57 A statement
- 58 A pronoun
- 59 Forbids
- 60 Revises and amends
- 61 Sum
- 63 Obliterated
- 64 Man of great wealth
- 65 Jogs
- 66 Carpenter's implement (plural)
- 68 Hauled; pulled
- 69 A hint
- 72 Sooner than
- 74 Mother of Peer Gynt
- 76 A game at cards



TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

(Reading time:
3 minutes 50 seconds.)

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and
descendant of the first czar of Russia

and pancake hats of current
flapperdom.

TO upset the old notion that brothers can't harmonize, I offer you Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Four of these Columbia radio stars are flesh-and-blood Lombardo brothers. They come from London, Ontario. That's why they call themselves the Royal Canadians.

We all know they harmonize. We hear them do it over the air. But that doesn't mean they don't fight.

"Remember," says Guy, "a song called Give Me a Little Kiss, Will You? I thought it was terrible. My brothers, Carmen, Liebert, and Victor, thought it was great. I'm the boss. Stop rehearsing it, I tell them. What happens? They put me out of the room and lock the door.

"Did you use it?" I asked him.

"Sure we used it." He grinned. "It was a big hit."

Perhaps you can see why Guy Lombardo and his team have endured through seven or eight years of radio popularity. He's an exceptional leader—sentimental, humorous, musically alert. His brother Carmen plays the trumpet; Liebert handles the drums; Victor toots the basso saxophone. Guy stands up and conducts them.



Guy Lombardo

"I won't have an elderly mother," he told her. "I am used to your being young and looking young. I won't let you wear middle-aged clothes. It's preposterous!"

Meanwhile her husband, a successful and hard-working business man in his comfortable fifties, seemed quite willing to let the lady catch up with him a bit. I wonder what she will do. How will she manage to keep in step with son and husband, both at the same time?

No doubt she'll find some graceful solution. People out around Grand Rapids appear to be unusually talented at solving their problems in

their stride. Depression has knocked many of them deep into the red, yet not for a moment have they allowed depression to knock them into the blues. They keep on having a good time—with hot-dog picnics instead of expensive parties.

"**H**OW far must we go," asks a reader, "in being polite to a friend's dog? According to our standards, the dog is not well behaved. Yet our friend adores the pooch and resents any criticism. One harsh word from us about its careless habits would stir up irreparable ill will. The dog is a nuisance, but what can we do? We value its master's friendship."

Of all social problems, this strikes me as being the most ridiculous. I know very well that it may play quite a serious part in the relationship between neighbors. But if a man can't socialize his own dog—I say, look out for him!

FROM India comes this new way to stuff a tomato. I learned it from an English lady—she calls it Tomato Bengal—and I don't know a more delicious thing to serve with cold ham or other cold meats. Try it and see.

Slice the tops off your tomatoes. Empty them and drain well. In each tomato put 1 teaspoon Bengal chutney (liquid). Now chop or shred finely 1 green pepper, and crush enough pineapple pulp to fill the tomatoes. Sweeten the pineapple hardly at all. Stuff your tomatoes with the pineapple-and-pepper mixture. Brush with melted butter and bake 15 minutes in medium oven.

YOU ought to read *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada. A fine, human story about present-day Germany. (Published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.)

HAVING sweltered in crowded hotels through a recent heat wave, I was interested to learn what science has discovered about the behavior of crowds during heat waves. Here are some of the facts:

Lost-and-found departments work overtime when it is very hot. More people lose hats, bags, packages, and jewelry on trains, boats, and busses, and in railway stations.

Waiters, waitresses and dishwashers break more dishes in the restaurants.

Strange to say, there are fewer traffic accidents and fights between motorists.

IN Grand Rapids I found a young man who won't let his mother grow up. I met them both at a country club. She's a vivacious woman of fifty, well preserved, active. Always she has been a real companion to her son—more a pal than a mother. But now that her hair is graying she would like to recede a little into the background of her own generation. And her son won't let her. When I met them he was kicking up a fine fuss because she wanted to stop wearing the brief sports skirts

(Reading time:
29 minutes 20 seconds.)

UPON the destruction of Ungern's army, Symes and Beloff fled westward. After sundry grim adventures, related in last week's installment of *Still Alive*, they were captured by a bandit, Baktai Khan. They remained with him through the winter and, at the coming of spring, escaped. Beloff disguised himself as a Tibetan lama, but came down with pneumonia as the two reached Uneket. He was getting better when a Red detachment captured the town. His disguise fooled the Red commissar, but not an old Kalmuck lama who also was a prisoner; this lama, before being shot, gave Beloff a jade seal, bidding him go to the Tuba Kuren, the monastery of which the old Kalmuck was abbot.

Instead, Beloff and Symes made for Urumchi—only to be captured by Yen Fang, a peculiarly fiendish bandit who had fortified Nienfu. Yen Fang subjected them to floggings and other torture, and his Flower Women performed atrocities upon the hapless Symes. Retribution overtook him when Tabol and Tajen, Mongol raiders who were friends of the victims, pounced upon Nienfu. Poor Symes was allowed to wreak vengeance on the Flower Women, though one of them killed him in return. In the town Beloff discovered his former comrade Andrei. She was now a paralytic, and with her, caring for her, was the lovely Yuryevska, whom Symes had rescued at Chasoktu.

After a few peaceful days, still another bandit chief bore down upon Nienfu. This time it was a Buriat named Kharga.

PART SEVEN—ALIAS. HOTEN LAMA

ON recovering somewhat I had again donned my yellow lama's robe. I was in the saddle, about to take a ride with Yuryevska, when into the town came two scouts with word that Kharga and his horde were approaching. He had some threescore men, bandits of the same stripe as these Mongols but collected from everywhere.

"Ride out and parley," I advised Tajen. "A battle would be useless. Better to take him as a partner."

"Very well—if you will ride with me."

We set forth with a score of men, and after some miles sighted Kharga's force. These rode in some semblance of order, with scouts thrown out, and were followed by a huge baggage train of women and loot. Tabol and I, with one other man, rode forward, and three advanced from Kharga's force to meet us. One of the three was Kharga himself—a rather fat Buriat, very sleek, with eyes of the devil in his brown features.

There was some talk, which went from bad to worse. Tajen had a great notion of his own dignity and despised all Buriats; and this threw Kharga into a fury. I intervened, and Kharga sullenly listened to my arguments.

"Why should I believe you?" he demanded at length. "You are certainly no lama as you appear; there is no doubt that you are a Russian. How do I know you are not laying some trap for me?"

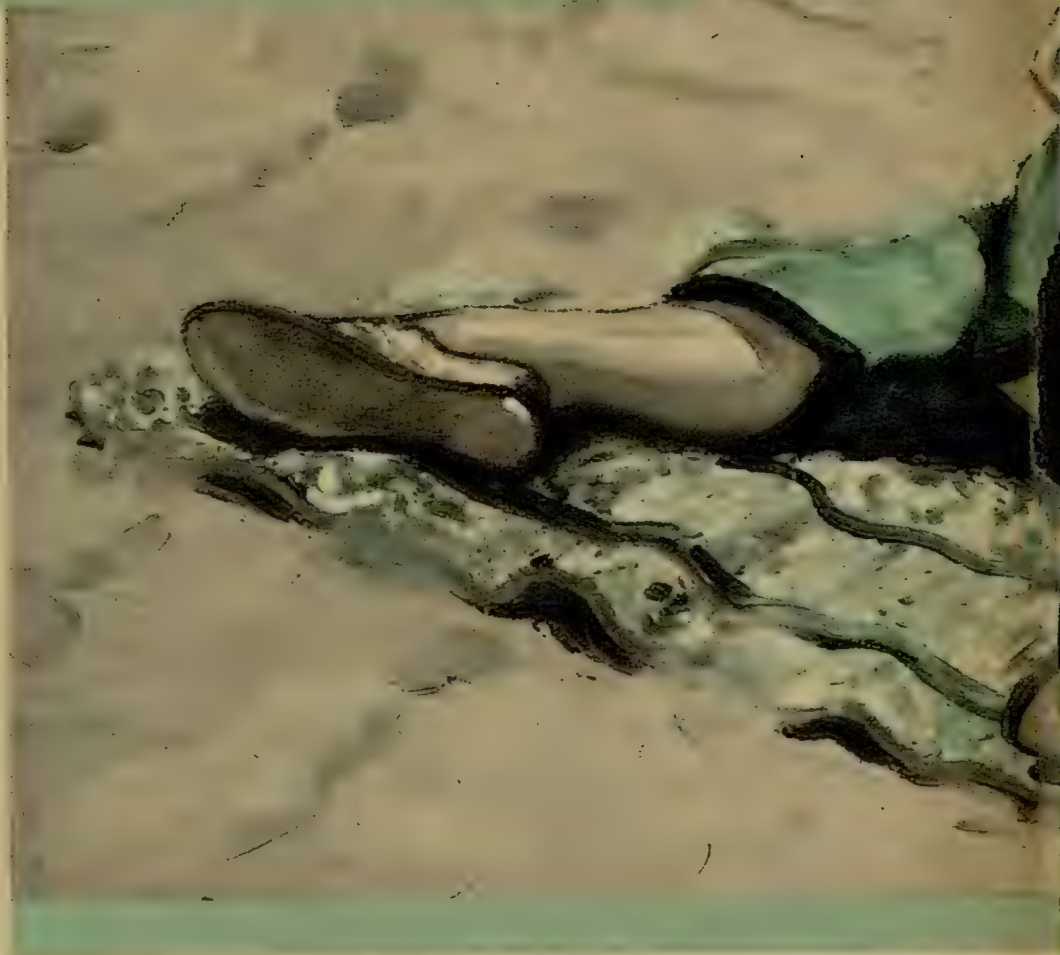
"I swear it, Kharga Khan!" I said rather angrily.

"Your oaths are nothing to me."

Well, I lost my temper. The idea of this outlaw and rascal using such words to me was galling. Besides, Tajen was grinning as though he enjoyed my discomfiture. I had a pistol hidden in my coat sleeve.

"You dog of a Buriat!" I said, shoving my horse forward beside his and looking him in the eyes. "You dare

STILL ALIVE



By G E O R G E I

As told to H. BEDFORD.

to speak so, who in the old days would have bowed your forehead to the earth at the sight of me? Well, if you demand a sign from me, you shall have it! A sign that will make your heart grow faint and crawl to hide among your intestines—"

It was in my mind, of course, to shoot him and chance the consequences. But something intervened.

We heard a wild growling roar that filled heaven and earth and made us all stare around. Then the ground suddenly rose in waves, so that many of the horses were flung from their feet. The trees bowed over; the earth opened in huge cracks and closed again. Many persons toppled from their saddles, and among these was Kharga. But by some chance I managed to cling to my seat. Another shock and another followed.

This great earthquake shook all western China, and indeed central Asia. Thousands of persons were killed.

Nothing so frightens men into common sense as some general disaster. Both Tajen and Kharga now wanted

Strange as Any Fiction, Yet TRUE—The Amazing



That night we went far out in the desert. Gladness and peace came to both of us.

Tungans or wild Mohammedan nomads from the salt marshes of the Lop Nor region, described the place and quickly assented when I asked whether they could guide me thither. This place was in the depths of the Gobi, far from any water; but this did not bother me.

Tajen had sent to Urumchi and elsewhere to buy camels. I came thoughtfully back to the yamen. Why not go? I was in no mood to care what happened or where I went. I found Yuryevska and told her about the copper dishes.

"They came from some buried city in the desert, blown clear of sand after centuries," I said. Impulse seized me, and I know not what else, as I looked into her eyes. "Shall we take camels and go with these two men?"

"WHY wander, White Wings?" she asked, putting back the golden hair from her face.

"Why not, Yevska?" Suddenly all my heart was drawn to her. It was an awakening. "What better than for us to wander together? We may go to the Tuba Kuren, since it cannot be so far from this buried city. Later you and I may go on to places we know not! Who cares?"

"I do not care, who have nothing else in life except you," she said simply.

That night we went far out in the desert. I sang old Russian songs to her while she lay in my arms. A great gladness and peace came to both of us; after this, there was nothing between us. We were one person, and everything else drifted out of life for us.

Caravans began to come our way. Warring armies had closed the southern routes. And as Tajen took my advice and did not plunder caravans but protected them in exchange for tribute, soon they ceased to fear Nienfu. From these caravans I got in exchange for my ruble notes, tea bricks, which in the desert regions have served as money for countless ages.

So with plenty of them, with camels, with everything of which we had need, we left Tajen and Nienfu behind us, heading straight into the desolate Gobi with those two Tungans who knew of the dead city.

Nor had the men lied about it. But how shall I tell of those days, those dreams of eternal happiness?

These men led us through the great desert of gravels and pebbles and through the salt marshes into the endless expanse of reddish yellow sand beyond. We came across the watch towers and ruins of that enormous wall built for hundreds of miles to defend the Chinese colonists of two thousand years ago from the wild tribes of central Asia. In the end we came to where the dishes had been found, in a city of these same colonists. Wind had bared

B E L O F F

JONES

Illustrations by HENRY ALAN

nothing so much as to join forces. All the men regarded me with superstitious awe, and whenever he looked me in the face that rascal Kharga quickly turned away his eyes. But upon returning to Nienfu we met with bad news. Following the earthquake Andrei had been seized with another stroke, and she was dead.

Now Yuryevska and I were alone.

FOR a little time I was a prey to gloom. It seemed to me that some curse must be upon me; everyone close to me, everyone who was bound to me, was struck down. Out of this despondent attitude Yuryevska drew me by sheer force of will. Her calm, quiet poise, her deep and lovely eyes, denied my wild words. When I told her to leave me she merely smiled.

Then happened an apparently little thing. One day I found some of Kharga's men using very odd copper dishes. I questioned them. These dishes had been taken from houses in the sand, they said. Two men, who were

Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror Through Asia



a great portion of this city. We used one of the ancient houses; we walked on the ancient stone-paved streets.

We found weapons, dishes, other things out of the unrecorded past.

In this place all of us forgot the world around. The two Tungans burrowed, seeking gold, and found none. There were some buildings quite perfect, with even the paint still clinging to the beams and doorposts. Buildings huge and great, buildings small and huddled—both were as they had been left two thousand years ago. In many cases we found bones or mummified bodies.

So we camped within these walls where the voice of man had not been heard since the world was young; and at night came only the whistle of the wind, the groaning and grunting of our camels.

Twice we wakened in the morning to find ourselves half buried in sand, so that we moved our camp out of the place. Then, after a terrific sandstorm, that lasted an entire day, we found the ancient city gone. Not a single vestige of it was in sight anywhere, though we knew the exact spot where it had been. The desert had swallowed it up again, that was all!

These weeks passed swiftly, joyously. Terror was gone out of the world. We lost track of time, and the years fell away from us.

We wandered on, and in time our guides brought us to the Tuba Kuren. This was an ancient monastery, painted with much vermilion and gold, perched high on the side of a cliff above the red sands. Bells tinkled in the wind; countless prayer wheels clicked as they were turned, or as they swung in the breeze; and we were received with great ceremony. How should news travel into such places where seemingly there is no one to bring it? These deep-eyed monks had heard about me and about the so-called earthquake miracle, and they welcomed me. They did not comment upon my wearing the robe of a lama, to which I certainly had no right.

I drifted back, to find Red soldiers and lamas pillaging—the house of the surgeon! I stopped a passing soldier and ascertained what was going on.

That night, when I was talking with two of the chief monks, I produced the white-jade seal. They received it with reverence. I told them of how I had met their abbot and of how he had died.

When I mentioned his words to me, they exchanged a sly look.

"Noyon," said one of them gravely, "tomorrow we will send you to a certain place near here where there are many caves along the cliff. It is said that the gods dwell along those cliffs, and also the spirits of the dead; and that any man who goes there may see visions and hear terrible things. If you see or hear anything, however, do not tell us about it."

It was clear that these words were discreetly intended to veil some mystery, so I assented without any question.

THE next afternoon an old monk led me along paths in the cliffs for some distance. He would not speak, but merely fingered his rosary. We came to great stone Buddhas carved in the face of the rock and passed shrines and caverns. Into one of these caves I was led, and the monk motioned me to wait. Then he departed.

For a long time I waited there, and finally heard the sluff-sluff of footsteps on the fine soft sand that floored the cave. Three figures approached—two Chinese women and their mistress. This last was a Manchu princess, an extremely beautiful woman when last I had seen her in Chita. She had left the Forbidden City in Peking to marry a white man. She was the wife of Baron Ungern von Sternberg.

We talked for some time, though I do not remember what was said; my brain was in a whirl at this unexpected meeting. I could not get her to make any definite statements. She herself seemed to doubt my identity until I convinced her of it. Then she dismissed the two women and told me to follow her. I obeyed.

We went through the caverns for a long way. At

length we came to a larger room or cave which was very obscure. Turkoman rugs were strewn over the sand, and near the door was a magnificent silver samovar which I remembered Ungern had always used.

Suddenly I felt the hair lift on my neck. A voice came from the back of the place. I could discern nobody there; only a dark mass, a formless shape. The voice, however, was certainly that of Baron Ungern!

"Greetings, White Wings," it said. "I am glad to see you. I have heard things about you of late. You are not the only man who lives after death, you see."

For a while I remained there, talking with Ungern—or with his ghost. I felt certain it must be some trick—either of the lamas or of my own senses. If he was real, however, perhaps he was badly hurt and crippled. This is no more than a guess on my part, for at no time would Ungern allow me any clear sight of him; nor did he mention his own story. The whole thing, in some ways, was suspiciously vague.

Ungern spoke calmly. As I have said, in his quiet moods he was a most winning and charming gentleman, and thus he showed himself now. He touched briefly upon his dream of empire with a certain resignation, as though all the past were far away and done with. As we talked I heard the repeated click of a prayer wheel. Had Ungern now become a lama?

WHEN he deliberately talked of me, however, he uttered words that I remember very clearly, and at the time their ill omen made me tremble.

"So you are happy, White Wings—whatever may be your real name," Ungern said reflectively. "Well, the gods give us only so much strife, and then recompense it for a little while with peace. You have fortitude to carry you through suffering, and it does not come from madness but from a strong soul."

"I have had enough of suffering," said I, and heard his low laugh.

"Enough! That is a word men seldom use aright, White Wings. You are young and I am old. Go back into the world of reality; for your happiness is at an end, or very near its end. Yet a greater happiness and peace shall come to you. *Sain! Sain!* I am weary."

I repeated the Mongol word of greeting and farewell, and left this place. When I came out into the hot sunlight again I was dripping with sweat.

Later on, in Manchuria, I heard many rumors that Ungern was still alive. Yet the Soviet newspapers published the details of his execution. They even gave a photograph, purporting to have been taken the day before he was shot, in which he looked like a mad dog. Was this a lie, then? Or did it all happen and yet did he live on? All things are possible in such a world.

One day when the Old Marshal, Chang Tso-lin, was inspecting my ar-

Well, friends, you might as well join the stampede

by
Singin' Sam



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mored trains, I mentioned the possibility of Ungern being alive in Turkestan. Chang gave me a slow hard look from those half-asleep eyes of his which in reality were vividly awake.

"If I thought such a thing were true," he said, "I would bring him here to command my army! The Nationalists are pressing us. But soon there will come others who will press harder! Armies out of the east."

He referred to the Japanese, of course, and his prophecy has been fulfilled.

Two days after my visit to the cliff galleries we departed from the Tuba Kuren. I had some wild idea of visiting Lhasa in Tibet. To this end I carried letters and a passport from the lamas of the monastery. Also, very luckily, I retained the Red passport given me by Braskovitch.

A week passed. Since leaving the monastery I had not felt well. Fever came upon me intermittently. One night it mounted very high and I passed from wild delusions into unconsciousness. When I wakened the sun was shining. I could barely lift hand or voice.

"Yevska!" I called faintly.

One of the Tungan guides came to me.

"Noyon, she is not here. She went away five days ago. You have been very ill for two weeks."

"As God lives, that is impossible!" Then, when I felt my shaggy beard, I knew he must speak the truth. Fear rushed upon me. "Yevska! Where has she gone?"

"Into the earth, noyon. The fever seized her and took her away."

I would not believe until they took me to where she was buried. I made them open the shallow grave. It was all true.

The anguish of those days need not be mentioned here.

When I was able to travel there was no heart left in me. We came to wells in the desert where troops were camped. My two Tungans, declaring these were Reds, took to flight; but I would not go with them. Nothing mattered to me, whether life or death; and I went on into the camp.

These troops were indeed Red partisans, cavalry disguised as bandits. Their job was to sweep the Chinese from all this portion of the country. All the vast region that had been Mongolia was now being broken up into the Soviet republics of Mongolia, Dzungaria, Tannu Tova, and the Buriat-Mongol Republic.

Among these troops my passport from Braskovitch made me quite welcome.

AFTER some days the surgeon of this force came into my tent one evening. He was an elderly man of Jewish descent and had lived in Urga.

"Comrade," he said to me in Russian, "your passport says that you are a lama, and so everyone thinks. Well, I am no fool. I know you are nothing of the sort."

"Nitchevo," I said dully. "It does not matter."

Before he came in I had been looking at the curious Hebrew scroll owned by Yuryevska's adopted family, the same which Andrei had sent with her appeal for help. This man looked at it and his face changed. He put out his hand and touched it. Presently he gave me a queer look.

"Comrade, I should like to buy this thing."

"First kill me," I said gloomily.

He watched me for a time, then laid his hand on mine in a kindly way.

"Comrade, there should be no such talk between us. This is the Book of Esther. It is very old and it came from a synagogue. Such books are never sold. But what should I do with it if I had it? Let it pass. You have no aim in life, it seems; but do you wish to make money, much money?"

"It is nothing to me," I said.

"Well, it is a good deal to me! Let me give you an errand!"

He went on to tell me of some books he had buried in the earthen floor of his house in Urga. Between the pages of those books were bank notes, Russian and French and English. It was a fortune, but he had been forced to flee at a moment's notice without digging it up.

"If you will go there, get the money, and take it to my cousin who lives in Hailar in Manchuria, I will give you half of it," he said.

"What! How do you know I will not keep it all?"

He smiled a little.

"What does not pass the lips is spoken by the heart," he said mysteriously in French.

"Why not go and get your own money, then?"

"I dare not go there myself. I am too well known in Urga. No one from the old days is safe, even in Soviet uniform. I hear that a consul has come from Leningrad who is to have the actual power in Mongolia. The secret police, the Okrana, have been set up. The Living Buddha is retained as nominal ruler, but when he dies there will not be another chosen. Well, what do you say?"

I RESERVED my answer till the next day. It turned out that the commander of these Reds would gladly give me an escort to Urga. With this, and with the passport from Braskovitch, Hoten Lama was well protected. So I assented, and the surgeon told me in detail about his buried books.

With my escort I started on the long journey—two months of camel travel through the sand. By degrees the healing peace of the desert sank into me. The words of Baron Ungern recurred often to me. Yes, I was a man and not a child! Gradually I took heart; fortitude entered my soul, and I rode on with lifted head.

Also I became friendly with the commander of the escort. This man was a "radish"; that is to say, he was outwardly Red and inwardly White. He had been a Greek professor in a university, and had joined the army to save his life. Neither he nor the other men suspected that I was not a holy lama.

I came to look forward with grim interest to seeing the holy city of Urga. It was an interesting place that awaited me, this sprawling collection of cities—a Chinese town, a Mongol town, a whole town of priests and lamas and Buddhas! But I soon found why my surgeon friend would not go back there, even for a fortune.

An interesting place, yes—if one is interested in death! Palaces with golden domes, and death lurking in them; corpses rotting in the streets, being devoured

on all sides by savage "sacred" dogs—Well, only a madman's vision could have pictured the place in which I now found myself!

It was late in the afternoon when we rode into Urga—or rather, into the Chinese city, for each of its three parts is quite distinct. The great golden roof of the Living Buddha's residence glimmered against the dull sky at the edge of the dun-brown hills. Here, ahead



One of Chang Tso-Lin's armored trains in Manchuria.

of us, was every conceivable sort of building. The streets ran between palisades of logs. Through the whole city meandered a creek filled with refuse.

All trace of Ungern's rule, except his wireless station, was swept away. A couple of hundred Red troops occupied the town. Mongol officials were theoretically in power, but behind them and their nominal government of ministers were Soviet agents: an adviser from Leningrad, whom I did not see, and a so-called "consul," who was the real power.

Before this man I was led very promptly. My escort, my style of a lama, my papers, all saved me from the clutches of the customs and the secret police.

It was evening when I reached the consulate and was led into the presence of the consul. He was an American Jew, or at least had lived in America. Very fortunately, he knew nothing about lamas. He was seated at the piano; he had just begun a piano transcription of the Unfinished Symphony, and he played it through to the end before deigning to observe me. He was a magnificent pianist, too. On the strength of Braskovitch's passport and my escort, he scarcely asked a question, but filled out a new passport for me. Hoten Lama was free of the city and might do as he liked here.

However, there were the red lamas to consider. They would certainly keep an eye on any lama who arrived.

During two days I reconnoitered. I did not make myself too obtrusive, but spent plenty of time going about the golden-domed palace of the Living Buddha, making prostrations on the inclined boards laid outside for that purpose. This living god, who was in reality a blind, deaf old creature, was unutterably sacred to those who worshiped him.

MY real interest, of course, lay in the house of my friend the surgeon. This I discovered to be now occupied by a number of women, the daughters and widows of former White officers who had served under Ungern. I dared not approach the house or these women at once, for undoubtedly I had known some of them personally and I might be recognized even in my present garb.

Also I found there were men here whom I had known. Some of these men had been Czarist officers; one had been a high noble. Like many another with life or death at stake, they were in the Soviet service. To keep themselves alive they were swift to denounce or kill anyone like me.

Almost every day some prisoners were brought in, Chinese or Russians or Mongols who had taken the White side. All over the whole country the hunt was going on, and the Okrana here killed a great many people. This secret police had spread all over Asia. Such prisoners were tried, then marched to the hillsides outside town and shot. Things had come to the point with the Communist govern-

ment where there was a great deal of red tape; papers were filled out and so forth.

The sloping hillsides were the burial ground of all Urga. The dead were carried there and left to be devoured by the uncounted black dogs roaming the plain. These creatures, the size of calves, were everywhere. Corpses would be left, and the dogs would bring the bones of men into the city.

These dogs were regarded as sacred beasts and no one dared kill them. They frequently pulled down women or single men, and after dark it was dangerous to go about alone.

In spite of it all I was determined to dig up those books if possible. In this I was entirely selfish. I had begun to look forward to reaching Manchuria, to becoming myself once more, to finding some fresh interest in life. This money would mean everything. I could devise no plan, however, by which to get into the surgeon's house.

ON the fourth day I left the inn of the Chinese city and went to the Gandon, as the great monastery was called. I was making the round of prayer cylinders when a large procession left the palace. Some high lama had died. I fell in with the throng idly and followed it outside town. There a man came and stood at my elbow. He wore the ragged red robe of a lama, but he had only one eye and was obviously a leper.

"Sain, White Wings!" he said to me. "Meet me here tonight at nine."

He slipped away into the crowd, leaving me petrified with alarm and sudden terror at this recognition. Gradually my emotion subsided, however. Unless he were a friend he would have denounced me at once.

I drifted back into the city, to find Red soldiers and lamas pillaging—the house of the surgeon! I stopped a passing soldier and ascertained from him what was going on. When the looters had departed I went inside, and straightway found the hidden books. Taking the money out of them, I returned to the inn. My errand here was done and I could depart—take one of my horses and get off to the northeast, toward the border and Hailar beyond.

That night, with a knife and a stout bamboo tushur, I made my way to the hillside. There awaiting me was the one-eyed leprous lama.

"Greetings, Beloff," he said to me. "You do not know me, and it is better so. But I know you. Once you did me a service, long ago, and now I wish to repay it. You have been observed. It is said that you are no lama but an impostor, a spy. The Okrana is holding a meeting now, tonight. Morning will be too late!"

Who this man was I never discovered.

According to his story, some American had come from Kalgan this same day by motor car. He had a camera. The Okrana took him to be a spy and arrested him on a trumped-up charge. They were now about to comb the



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whole city for more spies, and I was on the list of suspects. Once arrested, of course, I was a lost man.

With this, my unknown informant strode away.

At my inn I had two good horses. I made my way back there and settled down with my bone pipe to await my first chance to get away. Two Buriat merchants were here, recently arrived from the northeast frontier. They had at one time been in Ataman Semenoff's commissary service, and now they were talking about men whom they had lately seen in Manchuria, former White officers.

"I hear," said one of them, "that Petkoff has taken service with the railroad in Harbin."

The name seized upon me. Petkoff! General Petkoff—he who had murdered Scriabin and Popoff!

"That cannot be possible," said the other. "I am certain that he is in the north with Semenoff now. Still, who knows?"

Petkoff! Well, now I too would go to Manchuria! Thus it came about that I acquired a new purpose in life.

LATER that night I got one horse out of the inn compound unperceived and started away. I encountered no Red patrols, luckily, but could hear the pad-pad of dogs' feet in the darkness. In between the narrow log palisades that inclosed the streets I had no refuge, no protection. I dared not shoot. Savage growls assailed me. Then the dogs—many of them—came at me with a rush. A frantic horror seized me as they leaped, tearing at me and the horse. I beat at them with my tushur. The horse went mad with terror and fought them, so that I was almost unseated.

Somehow we got clear unhurt, and the yapping and howling of the dogs followed me out of this city of blood.

Four days later I overtook a caravan bound for Manchuria. It was composed of Buriat merchants under an escort of Red troops. My papers were all in order, my passport was approved. No one objected to Hoten Lama joining the caravan, especially as I paid the merchants well.

At last, it appeared, my troubles were over. But I reckoned without my hosts. Those scoundrels of merchants said no word to me, gave me no warning whatever. They must have guessed that I was not a lama, but they bided their time. They feared the Reds dreadfully, and it was their nature to save themselves by destroying another.

Well, the last day came. We rode into the border town of Manchouli. There, just ahead, was the five-barred flag of China. There was Manchuria, freedom, the end of toil and blood and disguise. There was the road to Hailar, the first Chinese city, where I would find friends, comrades, safety. I looked out at those brown hills and panted to be there. My soul cried out for that road beyond the Soviet flag. Everything at an end now—

The merchants talked with some of

the Red troops. I was seized as a spy. It was said that I was no lama at all, but a White Russian in disguise. The merchants swore to it.

With all my pack of belongings I was flung into a verminous log prison.

Next morning I was ordered out and taken to the house of the commissar who commanded this frontier post. I pretended to understand no Russian. As we went, there came past us a number of prisoners, former White officers. The crash of rifles sounded a moment later as they were shot. My guards laughed.

"Our commissar is making himself a record! He smells out Whites as a dog sniffs bones!"

I was led before the commissar, who sat at a desk while the soldiers lolled about the room, watching me and him. This man was short; he was quite thin, and his features wore a look of gloom and acid distrust of everything and everyone.

Fortunately, I had long since destroyed any photographs or papers that might link me with the past. This commissar went over my papers, which were entirely in order. He questioned me in wretched Mongolian about Braskovitch, whom I described. Still I perceived that there was no hope for me. As we talked he filled in a form, and glancing at it I saw it was a sentence of execution—in the name of Hoten Lama.

The bank notes, which were sewn inside my Mongol outer robe, were not found, for I was given no thorough search. Now the commissar looked through my saddlebags and pack, making the search himself. When he came to the scroll of the Book of Esther, he drew it from its hide covering and laid it on his desk. Then he summoned two guards.

"THIS man is dangerous," he said in Russian. "He must be shot immediately. But first it may be that I can make him talk, for I speak his Mongol language. Take him into the cell off my study and remain on guard."

I made no sign of having understood these words. The two soldiers led me through another room into a cell with a massive door and a barred window. The door slammed upon me, the bolts were shot. I stood at the window in despair.

After a little the commissar came in alone, carrying the Hebrew scroll.

"Hoten Lama," he asked in Mongolian, "what is this?"

Now, as I met his steady gaze some-

thing flowed into me. Perhaps it was his look, his intent thought, conveying a telepathic suggestion to my mind; perhaps it was just that I gave myself up for lost and took any desperate chance.

"That is a certain book," I said to him in Russian. He gave a start of surprise. "It was taken from a certain place of worship; it goes to another place of the same sort."

Now I gave him the name of my Jewish surgeon friend. His deep eyes flashed. He drew open the scroll. He saw the message Andrei had scrawled there, but he had eyes only for the Hebrew writing. I saw his lips move. He could read that writing. He was a Jew.

PRESENTLY he rolled up the scroll and fastened his gaze upon me anew.

"This is very curious, Hoten Lama. I will buy this scroll from you."

"No. It cannot be sold."

He broke into a sudden laugh. "Well, comrade, I might shoot you as a spy, for you are certainly no lama! Then I might keep this scroll myself."

"You might," I said, looking him in the eyes. "But you will not."

He smiled at me, and nodded. Then he drew open the scroll again. It was made of lengths of vellum stitched neatly together. He pointed to the second length, much whiter and apparently newer than the remainder.

"Once," he said musingly, "a candle fell from its socket. The fire touched the open scroll in this part, and the vellum shriveled up, as vellum does under heat. A new length of vellum was put in, and the writing was filled in by a very learned rabbi, a Talmudist."

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"Because, comrade, that rabbi was my grandfather! This is his writing. As a boy I have seen this Book of Esther very often. Well, I shall ask you no questions. I understand that you are of my own people. Now you must be executed, for it is too late to stop the work without arousing suspicions. But leave everything to me. Fortunately, it is growing dark."

This commissar thought that I was some Jew in disguise, of course. When he ordered me to strip to the skin I did so. I did not know his scheme and dared not let him know of the money I carried.

Still Alive will be concluded in Liberty next week.



Trust Vicks Voratone a Better Mouth-wash at a Big Saving

THIS delightful new antiseptic mouth-wash was developed by the makers of Vicks VapoRub, aided by scientists of 16 allied organizations. You can depend on it . . . full-strength or diluted. Saves you money, too! The big 35c bottle holds more than *three* 25c bottles of other leading brands.

VICKS VORATONE

Antiseptic • Mouth-Wash • Gargle • Deodorant

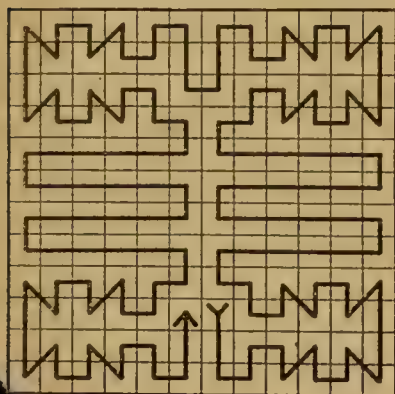
Largest NEWSSTAND SALE of Any Weekly!

Liberty is bought by people who want their magazine—bought when they want to read it—a single copy at a time. For years the leader in total single copy sales, Liberty now has the largest newsstand sale of any weekly! No surer guarantee exists of true reader interest.

Itching Skin

For 20 years now, soothing, cooling Zemo has seldom failed to end itching in five seconds, and clear up even the most stubborn cases of Eczema. Such wonderful results are due to Zemo's rare ingredients not used in other remedies. Get Zemo today — if you want to end Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and Eczema. It's worth the price because you get relief. All druggists, 35c, 60c, \$1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, \$1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at the left will give you this message:

The delay of the Italian army in supporting the Allied offensive in the fall of nineteen eighteen was because the general staff was in the employ of the German Secret Service.



A FEW COMMENTS ON FARMING, EDITORIALS, AND TAXES

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Your back-to-the-land sentiment is the greatest voiced in any publication. It is the writer's opinion that the powers that be will soon synchronize with your thought and the government will inaugurate a nation-wide colonization plan.

This God-sent idea will be systematized so that there will be a capable and competent man placed at the head of the colonization in each of the forty-eight states.

Destitute families who are familiar with the tilling, sowing, and reaping will be furnished a five- to fifteen-acre tract, with comfortable small house and outhouse or small barn, a few chickens, pigs, a cow, and a few implements. These will be supervised by government.

Twenty or twenty-five years will be given to pay for same—with a low rate of interest.

Give us more back-to-the-land editorials.—*Sam D. Cohen.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—It is the writer's belief that your editorial, Entire Nation Infested with Thieving Contractors, in the July 8 issue of Liberty, voices the sentiment of a large majority of the thinking citizens of these United States.

But for a body of citizens to do as you suggest—take the law in their own hands—would be ineffective and decidedly poor judgment. Page after page of newspaper copy would appear and speech after speech be made in an effort to prove that such action was the direct result of orders from Moscow.

You have struck the right chord. We must unite!—*W. B. Leonard, O.D.*

MERIDIAN, MISS.—The purpose of this letter is to most respectfully offer two ideas about which your magazine might at some time make editorial comment.

1. If, instead of an income tax, we had enacted a tax on gross incomes, the Morgan partners, who were not rightly and justly taxable under the law, which

only taxes net incomes, would have contributed out of their plenty toward the support of the government.

2. Why must the taxpayers of the country expend millions of dollars annually for the witnessing of signatures to tax returns by a notary or other peace officer empowered by law to administer an oath?—*R. C. Brown.*

A LITTLE NOTE FOR THE DRYS

CHELTENHAM, PA.—Mr. W. S. Gardner in Vox Pop of June 24 enlightened your otherwise excellent page with a remark that the wets have always done their fighting in the gutter.

Would you inform Mr. Gardner that the fighting must be carried to the gutter in order to reach the opposition?—*W. D., Jr.*

A LOOK AT BOTH SIDES OF THE HOMEWOOD CASE

SOMERVILLE, N. J.—I suggest that you print this letter of criticism in Vox Pop for no other reason than to supply food for thought to some of those crazy hypocrites who still believe that the man is always to blame.

I read with great interest and amusement Arthur Garfield Hays's The Way of the Law with a Man in July 1 Liberty.

I followed the whole Gibson-Homewood trial faithfully because it was

almost exactly a repetition of my own affair, with the exception of the station in life and age.

Can I look back now, seven years later, and condemn the man alone? Most certainly not.

And, believe me, when some of these old women who have never known love or passion, etc., begin to heap fire upon the head of a man who has only replied to the instincts of nature, I feel like knocking them off their self-made pedestals.

As the author of the article concludes, "This is a crazy world!" And how!—*B. T.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Re the very interesting article by Arthur Garfield Hays on the Homewood case: Perhaps he might like to answer some questions—but I'm wondering if he can answer them.

What was the trouble? Did he defend Mr. Homewood and lose the case—hence your championship?

Has he at some time had a skeleton in his own closet?

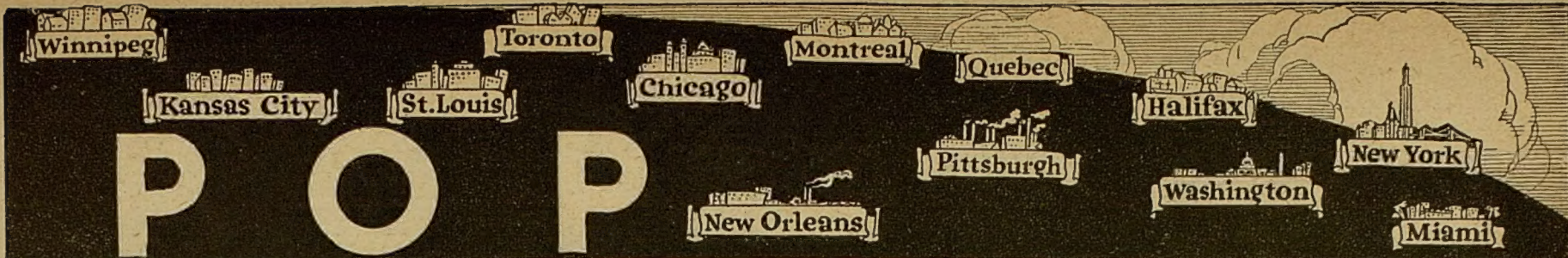
Would Mr. Homewood, if he had married the girl to whom he was first promised and betrayed her trust, have done a little philandering on the side with the consent of the very able Mr. Hays?

I have a son whom his father and I are very proud of, and we both agree that

if he had been a grown man and on that jury, we would have prayed that he return that same verdict. However, we are just plain American folks and are training our boy to respect womanhood. Did Mr. Hays ever have a mother—a good mother? I imagine she was, but she certainly wouldn't admire his article, or a son for accepting pay for such articles.

I admit there are two sides to every question—but what we'd really like to know is what the motivating power is behind Mr. Hays's very able defense of Mr. Homewood. Did it strike home too hard, was the pay ample, or did he just pity the poor man? I presume he has no children or sisters.—*Just an American Mother and Dad.*





MAYBE SOME OF THE MOVIE PLOTS NEED TO BE EXPLAINED

WESTMOUNT, QUE.—I wish to register a complaint against one Rob Wagner in the manner in which he reviews (?) the motion pictures.

When we read a review by a critic we wish to know the criticisms in acting, production, etc., but little about the story. Mr. Wagner's reviews are short synopses of the various pictures, leaving us totally in the dark as to the acting, direction, etc.

Mr. Wagner gives us entirely too much of the story, which spoils the picture for those who wish to see it.—*Michael Waters.*

DOG-GONE IT! THE FELLOW WHO WROTE THE LETTER PUT IT IN ONTARIO!

MONTREAL, QUE.—I read the following in Vox Pop, July 15:

WELL, HERE'S ONE

QUEBEC, ONT.—What's the matter with your magazine? Do you think Quebec was swept away by a hurricane?

Since I have been reading Liberty I have never seen a Quebec letter in your Vox-Poppers.—*Arnold Kelly.*

Is this an error or are you trying to be funny?

Glad you started a geography contest.—*Quebecer.*

ORCHIDS FOR MISS SEIFERT

MANILA, P. I.—I am writing to tell you that I enjoyed reading Joanna and the Ways of God, by Shirley Seifert, in your June 3 issue. Your magazine came in at a time when the country was fairly bubbling over with excitement over the recent arrival of a new Governor-General, who, by the way, is a bachelor and the youngest chief executive the Philippines has ever had.

Here is hoping that the Big Chief is really interested in Philippine affairs, as in Miss Seifert's story; thirteen million souls would be profoundly grateful.

And more power to Liberty!—*Tomas B. Orlina.*

A BANKER LIKED THE EDITORIAL ON WHAT IS PROSPERITY?

FOWLER, KAN.—I do not have sufficient words in my vocabulary to commend as I would like the splendid editorial on What Is Prosperity? written by Bernarr Macfadden in your issue of July 22.

He makes a statement near the close which would help every thoughtful man and woman if they would follow it. "Strengthen your character," he says. And if he would develop the thought along the line of the choice one must

make between "doing this or that because we can" and "doing this or that because of the effect on ourselves" he would write another most interesting article, as one of the things that is wrong with America today is the wrong choice so many are making and the effect it is having upon the character of the nation.

I am sure that, with the deep insight he has into human nature, he would produce another topnotch article.—*J. N. Evans, Receiver First National Bank.*

WHY, EVERYBODY KNOWS WHERE BOSTON IS!

BOSTON, MASS.—I've been a reader of Liberty and have tried many of the contests and have always liked it very well. But I feel someone slipped in the issue of July 22 in the map or diagram at the top of the Vox Pop pages. I see they don't note this Fair City of Culture and Refinement and Historic History, and I'm sure we Bostonians don't deserve any such slight with the circulation Liberty has in this town.—*Cornelius A. Callahan.*

IF FIVE HOURS DON'T MAKE A CONTEST—WHAT DOES?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—With all due respect to the contest editor and with admiration for the originality of his ideas, I am afraid he is unknowingly making the scrambled geography idea too simple to warrant the term "brain twister."

With the aid of an ordinary atlas I unscrambled, identified, located, and thoroughly checked the thirty-five letter combinations in less than five hours, so it stands to reason that thousands of others will be just as successful, so I fail to see how it can be termed a contest.

If you refer this letter to the contest editor I hope he will understand that it is not meant as a criticism but rather as a suggestion to make the contest much more difficult.—*R. Whitney.*

AW, YOU'D KICK IF YOU WERE TAP-DANCING

NORWALK, CONN.—In your issue of July 22 we notice on page 46 a picture of a horse tied to a hitching post and entitled "Vanishing America."

We merely wanted to ascertain if we are right in surmising that the one on the right is the horse.

We would suggest that you be a little more diligent in writing your captions.—*J. D. A. and B. W. A.*

A LOT OF TRUTH IN THIS

RED LODGE, MONT.—Three big boos for Liberty's series about dat old dabil The Red Spider. Put the American people back to work and there won't be any Red menace.—*W. E. Taylor.*

C O N T E N T S

AUGUST 19, 1933

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Cover by RUTH KING

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Last Chance at Scrambled Geography!

THIS WEEK'S 64 AWARDS TOTAL

\$250

IN CASH PRIZES

Final Opportunity to Capture a Word-Game Award

HERE'S your last chance to try for a scrambled geography cash prize in this series. If you have failed to enter in previous weeks, don't neglect this final opportunity to claim a substantial cash award. Your chance to win one of the prizes is excellent—if you enter.

All of the names on this week's list can be found on any complete map of Asia. You will also find reference to a gazetteer an invaluable aid in completing your list of solutions.

Don't be discouraged if you fail to solve every name. Perhaps no entrant will get them all correctly. Failure to enter your list, even if it is incomplete, may well cost you a cash prize that you would otherwise have won. If you have half or more of the solutions to submit you can consider that you have done well indeed.

The rules at the right give complete information on the preparation and mailing of your entry. Make sure that you include with it the statement of preference called for in the fifth paragraph. This is important.

The closing date of this week's contest is Tuesday, September 5, which gives you ample time to work up your solutions. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty.

THE WORDS

- 1 SEPAIR
- 2 UARICHMAN
- 3 MCROONI
- 4 FARSHURB
- 5 KERTANUTS
- 6 TESERVE
- 7 INISEYE
- 8 TINOVOSA
- 9 HANAGISH
- 10 GABKONK
- 11 KIBALA
- 12 DRAWDAIRY
- 13 GASINO
- 14 INKCHERNS
- 15 SENITINT
- 16 ALADYMAN
- 17 TIVOCAIR
- 18 TUSHCABLINA
- 19 KUSTRIK
- 20 UARTUGS
- 21 YALAHAMI
- 22 ARTCANROVE
- 23 AMUTOMOK
- 24 NINGGUTT
- 25 HENNMOPP
- 26 ADAMSNARK

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of Asia.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Persia. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

SEPAIR—PERSIA—A country in southwestern Asia.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Tuesday, September 5.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JULY 1

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

RICHARD B. SMITH, Scranton, Pa.

Yes, boys, it's a swell shiner, but I didn't get it the way you think. You see, somebody mistook me for one of Liberty's contest judges.

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

J. FOTH, Sayville, N. Y.

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

D. O. GILBERT, Lemmon, S. D.

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

JAMES W. SWEENEY, Jeffersonville, Ind.

TEN \$5 PRIZES

Martin Alwell, Charleston, Ill.; Mrs. A. B. Carey, Minneapolis, Minn.; X. E. Harrington, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mont Hurst, Dallas, Texas; Dr. Johannes Johannsen, Baltimore, Md.; J. D. McCallister, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mary McCauley, Dallas, Texas; Lloyd Ira Miller, Allentown, Pa.; O. F. Steffen, Oakland, Calif.; Maxine Walker, Long Beach, Calif.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

A. Palmer Baker, St. Paul, Minn.; Edward M. Barrelle, New York, N. Y.; Floyd H. Bay, Portland, Ore.; Leah Benadereth, Los Angeles, Calif.; Cora Braeuhinger, Champaign, Ill.; A. J. Brengartner, Sandusky, Ohio; Jack Carroll, Houston, Texas; R. R. Crandall, Jeffersonville, Ind.; William L. Day, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. Douglas, Dallas, Texas; J. J. Dudley, Mobile, Ala.; J. Bayne Durst, Baltimore, Md.; Kathryn Marie Eagah, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Clyde W. Ehrhardt, Middlebourne, W. Va.; Herman Fisher, New York, N. Y.; Walton E. Frederick, Vancouver, Wash. Mrs. Ellen Gilbert, Detroit, Mich.; William

Gribble, Dallas, Texas; C. E. Guthrie, Pampa, Texas; Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; A. C. Heath, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. F. Jamison, Little Rock, Ark.; G. Jarmann, Cleveland, Ohio; Helen Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Joyce W. Jackson, Hollywood, Calif.; Stella Kedski, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. J. Kramer, New Albany, Ind.; Frank H. Long, Lancaster, Pa.; Alfred Manger, Dubuque, Iowa; John McAtee, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary McCourt, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Joe Miller, Charlotte, N. C.

Mrs. W. D. Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ed. Morgan, Greenville, Texas; Avis Morley, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank C. Pauley, Long Beach, Calif.; Ellis Rosenberg, Long Beach, Calif.; W. E. Rudder, Edmonton, Alta.; Leo A. Santee, Northampton, Pa.; Bessie E. Smith, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. C. H. Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. S. Stratford, Toronto, Ont.; Laura Tatum, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Roy G. Tellier, Jersey City, N. J.; Charles J. Tessar, Chicago, Ill.; Owen C. Trainor, Long Beach, Calif.; Ruth Wallick, Lima, Ohio; Henry D. Warburton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward L. Van Dyke, Elmira, N. Y.; G. M. Zulauf, Yonkers, N. Y.

THEN A BIG IDEA HIT HIM



YOU HAVEN'T ACTED A BIT LIKE YOURSELF TONIGHT, MARY LOU. ANYTHING I'VE DONE?

OH, NO...NO, OF COURSE NOT!..ONLY IT'S SO HOT... NO AIR— I'M STIFLED



"STIFLED"... I WONDER! SHE SEEMED SORE AT ME. YOU'D THINK I HAD "B.O." OR SOMETHING THE WAY SHE...

"B.O."...SAY THERE'S AN IDEA...OF COURSE I COULDN'T BE GUILTY... BUT I THINK I'LL GO IN AND GET SOME LIFEBOUY....



A WEEK LATER

WOULDN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY SHOWER FOR ANYTHING. NEVER HAD ANOTHER SOAP FRESHEN AND PEP ME UP SO

BET THERE'S NO "B.O." LEFT AFTER THAT GRAND LATHER



"B.O." GONE—no more snubs from Mary Lou

HOW ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE DANCING, MARY LOU? OR IS IT TOO HOT?

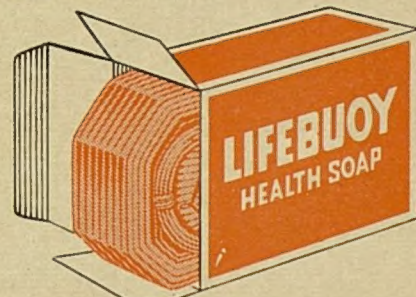
IT'S NEVER TOO HOT TO DANCE WITH THE RIGHT PERSON. SURE I'LL GO!

IT KEEPS ME DAINTY ON THE HOTTEST DAY

ON hot, sultry, "perspiry" days, particular men and women are more careful than ever to avoid "B.O." (body odor). And they find it so easy to play safe by bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lavish lather purifies pores to their very depths—"B.O." hasn't a chance! Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you better than words that Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

Tones up "tired" skins

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. It deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities that dull the skin—clears and freshens complexions to new healthy radiance.



A REAL SHAVING TREAT



WHY THE BEARD, JOHN—WORKING UP A DISGUISE?

NO, JUST MY USUAL WEEK-END REST FROM SHAVING. MY BEARD'S SO TOUGH THAT CLEAN SHAVING RAISES NED WITH MY TENDER SKIN



TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT—MAKES CLOSE SHAVES EASY, COMFORTABLE KIND TO THE SKIN, TOO

BOY, THAT'S THE CREAM FOR ME!



I'LL SAY IT SOAKS 'EM SOFT! I CAN'T FEEL MY WHISKERS COMING OFF. AND MY FACE NEVER FELT SO GOOD! SOME SHAVE!



TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE



The wetter the lather the better the shave

New lather holds 52% more moisture—gives clean, lasting, soothing shaves

TRY A Lifebuoy shave tomorrow morning—see what a difference this extra-moist lather makes. No more ordinary, thin, quick-drying lathers for you! Lifebuoy shaving cream lather holds 52% more moisture. Soaks

whiskers soft—extra soft. The razor mows them down clean—without bite or sting—for quick, close, 24-hour shaves. Lifebuoy soothes the skin—leaves it soft, satin-smooth and relaxed. Get the giant, cheerful red tube at your druggist's today. Or write to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-128, Cambridge, Mass. for a free trial tube. (This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



IF IT'S OKAY . . . YOU'RE OKAY

● You want others to like you, don't you? You'd like to feel that you're an addition to a party instead of a nuisance. You'd like to feel that your business contacts are agreeable. Of course you would!

Then we say to you—*be careful about your breath*. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) spares no one. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it.

But you won't have it at all if you simply rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do it on arising, before retiring and, if you wish to be particularly careful, between times before meeting others. Listerine cleans and invigorates the mouth, and instantly ends halitosis. You *know* your breath cannot offend. Listerine gets quick results because it halts fermenta-

tion, decay, and infection—major causes of odors in the mouth.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. When you want to be *sure* that your breath does not offend, use Listerine, and Listerine only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Before social engagements

LISTERINE

Instantly ends halitosis